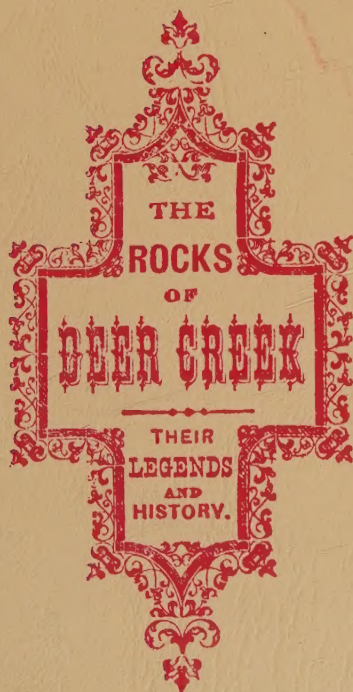






Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025



*Courtesy of Richard Gay
Street, MD*

HOLY CROSS EPISCOPAL CHURCH
Rocks Road, Street, Maryland

INTRODUCTION TO RE-PUBLICATION

'ROCKS OF DEER CREEK'

As a public service and as part of our Centennial observance, the congregation of Holy Cross Episcopal Church, Rocks, is privileged to re-issue this publication that entails both factual and legendary narration about the area in northwestern Harford County in which we minister.

The author, the Rev. Thomas Wysong, a Methodist clergyman, had his residence and his ministry in the Rocks area for many years; there are still many members of the Wysong family living in this part of the Free State.

The Rocks of Deer Creek remains a lovely and largely unspoiled tract; presently, as part of Maryland's system of State Parks, its preservation for future generations is assured, even as its rural semi-wilderness attractions are enjoyed by thousands of visitors today.

Holy Cross Church has been part of the Rocks area since 1887; we are a mission congregation of the Diocese of Maryland, ministering as Episcopalians in northern Harford County and southern York County of Pennsylvania. Our genesis as a daughter congregation of Christ Church, Rock Spring, goes back to 1860 when Dr. Joshua Street deeded the site for the Church. Following the interruption of the War Between the States, a frame structure was erected but destroyed by the March blizzard of 1887, which is when the present structure was more firmly erected with granite quarried from a farm adjoining the Rocks of Deer Creek.

Among the ten clergy who have served the yoked congregations of Holy Cross and Christ Churches is the Rev. Edward T. Helfenstein, later to be the eighth Bishop of Maryland. In 1966 the congregation erected an adjoining Parish House; for the 1987 Centennial a vestibule is being added to the front of the Church, and several stained glass windows have been commissioned.

The 'Iron Horse' has come and gone in the intervening years since the Rev. T. T. Wysong published his book in 1879. The beauty of the Rocks area remains constant, and is enjoyed by all who come to appreciate this exquisite example of the Creator's handiwork.

In re-issuing this work of prose, poetry and elocution, we are happy to honor the memory of its author and pray that generations to come will derive joy and pleasure from the place that he so greatly appreciated.

The Congregation of Holy Cross Episcopal Church
Rocks, Maryland

THE
ROCKS
OF
DEER CREEK,

HARFORD COUNTY, MARYLAND.

THEIR LEGENDS AND HISTORY.

BY T. T. W.
OF
"SHIRLEY, NEAR THE ROCKS."

BALTIMORE:
PRESS OF SHERWOOD & CO.
N. W. CORNER BALTIMORE AND GAY STS.

1879.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1879,

By THOMAS T. WYSONG,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

THIS BOOK
OF
Interwoven and Intermingled Fact and Fancy
IS DEDICATED TO
J. HOWARD WATERS,
OF
HARFORD COUNTY, MARYLAND,
BY ITS
AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

My residence is about a mile, as the bird flies, from the celebrated Rocks of Deer Creek. I first saw this great natural curiosity in the spring of 1844. I was then young, and did not dream that my advanced years would be passed almost under its shadows. But He who appoints the bounds of our habitations has so ordered. To-day I occupy the place which I have named, for peculiar reasons, "Shirley, near the Rocks."

Since I have lived in this locality I have been observant of much apparent interest in the "Rocks," and have read numerous compositions, both in prose and poetry, descriptive of them. These were generally the essays of the young, inspired by the beauties and sublimities of the scenes around them. Of the objects seen none have excited more interest than the King and Queen Seats. Who made them? for what purpose were they used? have been frequent enquiries. These interrogatories suggested the writing of "The Last King and Queen of the Rocks of Deer Creek." Having done so for the entertainment of the young people especially, it occurred to me that a series of sketches, intermingling fact and fancy, might give them pleasure, and perhaps not be without some profit to them. These I have written, and they are to be found in this small and unpretentious volume.

I hope that the character of these compositions will give offence to no one, not even the most conscientious. They are, indeed, the interweaving of fact and fancy, but the facts are more numerous than one would imagine who has not studied the locality and its history as I have done. Add to these facts the laws, customs and usages of the original inhabitants of the country, referred to in these stories, and the amount of absolute fiction is not great. My apology for the presence of fiction at all, is that it is, as I use it, a mirror—

a reflection of the truth. Nature responds to imagination, and imagination is the handmaid of nature. Shakespeare is read by all, not because some of his characters and scenes are not fictitious, but rather because his imaginings mirror the truths of nature. That sublimest creation of poetic genius, the Book of Job, the divine inspiration of which is not doubted, is a sacred drama, the persons of which, though they may not have had existence in fact, are nevertheless real, because they are truthful. To that pure spring of divine truth the believing and devout resort, and, drinking, are refreshed and invigorated.

I am the more solicitous that the facts and truthful fancies of this book shall be read, because of the changes that will be wrought by the improvements now in progress and promised in the vicinity of the Rocks. The iron horse will soon be running along our streams and through our valleys, the smoke of the locomotive will curl its wreaths about the summits of the Rocks, partially hiding them from view. The substitution of the realities of the commercial and business life for the poetries of undisturbed nature is inevitable. We submit, with this protest.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Title.....	1
Dedication.....	3
Introduction.....	5
The last King and Queen of the "Rocks of Deer Creek.".....	9
The last Indian of Deer Creek.....	13
The Hermit of the Otter Rock.....	17
Razuka: a Legend of Rock Ridge Lake.....	22
The Enchantress of Hunting Ridge.....	27
The Robber's Den, or the Learned Philologist.....	31
The Aged Trapper, Hunter and Fisherman of the Indian Cupboard.....	35
The Eagle.....	39
Whitsuntide.....	40
The Perilous Feat.....	41
Canal and Railroad.....	42
An Act of Vandalism.....	43
The Original Moonshiner.....	43
The Horse Epidemic and the Guinea-Man's Pony.....	45
The Church of the Rocks and its Model Pastor.....	47
Mike's Rock.....	48
The Ancient Mill and Honest Miller.....	49
The Oldest Inhabitant.....	51
The Youngest Inhabitants.....	52
The Original Inhabitants.....	53
The Massacre of the Mingoes.....	55
"Rocks" Literature.....	57
Introduction thereto.....	57
Selections therefrom, in Prose and Poetry.....	57
<i>a.</i> Description of the "Rocks".....	58
<i>b.</i> On King and Queen Seats.....	58
<i>c.</i> The Fern.....	59
<i>d.</i> The Old Mill.....	59
A Message.....	63
Centennial Address.....	67
Mason and Dixon's Line.....	78

THE ROCKS OF DEER CREEK.

THE LAST KING AND QUEEN OF THE ROCKS OF DEER CREEK.

ON the right bank of Deer Creek, nearly opposite the present residence of E. S. Rogers, Esq., was, two centuries ago, a village of the Susquehannock Indians. Five miles above, on the same stream, fifty yards from where the mill of James Stansbury, Esq., is located, was another village of the same Indians. Two and one-half miles southeast of the Rocks, on the land now in the occupancy of Bennett Grafton, Esq., was a third village. Each of these villages had its own chief, but, for mutual protection and aid, were confederate, acknowledging the supremacy of the chief whose location was in the vicinity of the Rocks. This chief bore the not uncommon Indian name of Bald Eagle. The chief of the upper village was Great Bear ; of the lower, Lone Wolf.

In the autumn of the year Lone Wolf, accompanied by several of his braves, visited the Iroquois, then living in the northern part of what is now the State of New York. While there he became enamoured with an Ojibway maiden, who had been captured by the Iroquois in her infancy ; and adopted by their chief, was brought up in his wigwam as his own daughter. The stay of the visitors was protracted until the snow began to whiten the earth and the ice to cover the waters, and Lone Wolf would fain have tarried until the snow and ice were melted again. In the charms of the Fern-Shaken-by-the-Wind, as she had been named by her captors, he had found an attraction stronger than that he felt for his own people in the South country. But failing in his efforts to win the affections of the Fern, he resorted to diplomacy, hoping that time, with

assiduity of attention, would soften the maiden's heart, and she would ultimately become his wife. The time of his departure having come, he besought the Iroquois chief to allow his adopted daughter and her brother to accompany him to his distant home, promising to return them safely, and laden with valuable presents, when the trees put forth their leaves again. This request was granted.

The Fern and her brother accompanied Lone Wolf to his home. Two moons after their arrival the braves of the three confederate villages were summoned to attend a great council, to be held at the Rocks. At the time appointed Bald Eagle and his wife, as was their custom on such occasions, took their places in the seats on the Rocks known as the King and Queen seats, the braves of the tribe and their confederates sitting upon the ground beneath or leaning against the interspersed trees. At a short distance beyond the circle of the assembled warriors sat the women and children of the tribes and their Iroquois visitors. The Fern and her brother listened attentively to the speeches of the different orators. Nor were they unobserved, the maiden particularly. She could not fail to attract attention, for to perfection of form and great symmetry of features, was added a dignity of manner rarely equaled. Among the braves most attracted by the charms of the Fern was The-Bird-that-Flies-High, eldest son of Bald Eagle, and prospective heir to the supreme chieftainship or kingship, as it was sometimes designated. This young brave, taking advantage of a short recess had by the council, approached the Fern, and offered her as a present a trinket of exceeding brilliancy and apparently of great value, which she graciously accepted. This was observed by Lone Wolf, who, under the influence of an unconcealed jealousy, rushed to the spot where the maiden and her admirer were standing, and seizing the trinket, violently wrenched it from her hands, and throwing it upon the ground, trampled it under his feet. Ordinarily such an act would have been promptly resented, but the Bird had too much regard for the dignity of the occasion, and too much respect for the character and authority of his father, the confederate chief, to notice it by immediate and violent resentment. He quietly withdrew from the presence of the maiden, entertaining, however, the purpose to avenge

the insult when the fitting opportunity arrived. That opportunity was not long delayed.

Ten days after the close of the council, there was a gathering of the tribes at the lower village, to participate in the ceremonial connected with the rite of purification, a rite imperative in the case of every male infant of the tribe at its eighth day. From a grove of stately oaks, one of which may be seen at this present time, one hundred yards east of the spot on which now stands the house of Mr. Grafton, a procession moved toward Deer Creek, in the waters of which the child was immersed by the venerable priest of the lower village. The rite performed, the procession returned in the order in which it came. The remaining portion of the day was spent in feasting and dancing, in which the Bird participated with seeming enjoyment and forgetful apparently of his purpose to avenge the insult perpetrated by Lone Wolf. True, however, to the instincts of his race, that purpose was still cherished, and only awaited the opportunity of its accomplishment. When about to leave for his village, he challenged Lone Wolf to a trial of skill with the bow and arrow, to take place at the Rocks early on the morning of the succeeding day, suggesting at the same time the Fern as umpire, whose decision would be respected by all. These propositions were gladly accepted by Lone Wolf, as the trial proposed would afford him an opportunity of displaying his acknowledged skill, and also of enjoying the society of the Fern. On the following day, before the frosts had been melted by the rising sun, the contestants met at the place designated. The contest continued until the shadows fell upon the roots of the trees, when Lone Wolf was declared the victor. The crown of laurel was placed on his brow by the umpire, accompanied by a few words complimentary to the skill of the victor, and seemingly expressive of personal interest. The Bird was excited to madness by the seeming preference of the Fern for Lone Wolf, and remembering the insult, suddenly grasped his rival, and rushing with the speed of lightning to the edge of the precipice, threw him headlong into the abyss below. As he was falling, a few plaintive notes of the death-song were heard, and the voice of Lone Wolf was hushed forever.

The Bird made no effort to escape. Submissive to the imme-

morial custom and imperative law of his race, he sternly awaited the coming of the avenger, and would certainly have been slain, but for the interposition of the Fern. Drawing from the pocket of a belt which she wore the trinket of two jewels that had not been damaged seriously, she offered them to the sister of Lone Wolf, his only surviving relative, as an atonement for the blood of her brother. The offering was accepted by her, as also by her tribe. That trinket of two jewels was the Ar and Thar, erroneously supposed to have been lost by the ancestors of the present race of Indians in their migration to this continent from the East. It had been preserved in the family of Bald Eagle, and highly valued, as its possession gave prosperity, and conferred princely authority and rule. That the Fern should have parted with such a treasure is understood in the light of the fact that she had cherished an attachment for the Bird, and secretly hoped to become his wife.

Three moons subsequently, at the feast of the coming spring, always observed when the first birds made their appearance, there was another gathering of the tribes at the Rocks, to witness the celebration of the nuptials of the Bird-that-Flies-High and of the Fern-Shaken-by-the-Wind. Following immediately this ceremony was the consummation of a design that Bald Eagle had long entertained. Aged and wearied with the responsibilities and labors pertaining to his position as chief ruler of the confederate tribes, he abdicated his authority, and nominated his son as his successor. His choice was ratified by all the tribes. Conducted by the aged priest of the upper tribe to the seats on the Rocks, the Bird-that-Flies-High and the Fern-Shaken-by-the-Wind were formally declared King and Queen of the confederate tribes.

They were the last King and Queen of the Rocks of Deer Creek. Ere many moons waxed and waned the pale faces came. Driven from their homes and from the graves of their forefathers, the confederate tribes fled to the land of the setting sun, finding their last hours and their graves among strangers in the distant wilderness.

Lone Wolf, whose romantic history and tragic death have been related, was buried on the banks of Deer Creek, about six hundred yards above the present residence of Joshua Rutledge,

Esq.; and often, during the autumnal nights, in the faint light of the waning moon, is seen at that locality a strange apparition. It is thought to be the spirit of the murdered chieftain, mingling with the shadows that fall on the rippling waters.

THE LAST INDIAN OF DEER CREEK.

“MINGO PARK” is the name of the estate of our well-known and respected fellow-citizen, James Stansbury, Esq. This place is most appropriately named. It is derived from Mingo Hill, an abrupt eminence immediately opposite the residence of that gentleman, at the base of which runs and ripples the waters of the far-famed Deer Creek. The hill itself takes its name from Mingo—one of the Mingoes—whose wigwam was located on the lowlands, an hundred yards or more above the position now occupied by the mill of Mr. Stansbury, and on the left bank of the stream.

The Mingoes have become celebrated in Indian history. They originally occupied a large part of the territory now included in the State of New York. They were known by several names. The English called them the “Five Nations,” because they constituted a confederacy of that number of distinct nations, increased to six by the accession of the Tuscaroras of Carolina. The French called them Iroquois; the Dutch, Maquas, and the Virginia Indians gave them the name of Massawomikes. At home they were known by the name of Mingoes. At first their habits had been rather agricultural than warlike, but unhappily for their peace, and the well-being of others of their race, they were attacked by the powerful tribe of the Adirondacks, then occupying the country three hundred miles above Trois-Rivieres in Canada. Necessity drove them to war, and by their prowess

and success they earned the proud title of the Romans of the West. Nearly exterminating the Adirondacks, and proudly exalting themselves on their overthrow, the Iroquois or Mingoes grew rapidly to be the leading tribe of the North, and finally of the whole continent. But, like many of the mighty nations of the earth, they have yielded to a superior force, and there now remains only an handful to recount mournfully the mighty deeds of their valorous fathers. Another race, with its teeming millions, occupy their hunting-grounds and control their waters. Their fate is the melancholy recollection of a greatness never to be recovered, and the agonizing anticipation of the utter extinction of their race.

The Mingo whose history we record had, as we have seen, his home among the wild, weird scenes of the Upper Deer Creek. His wigwam at first was one of many, for in the locality designated there was a considerable village of his tribe. The coming of the white man drove them from their homes, and they migrated westward and southward, resting for a while on the fertile plains of Ohio and in the forests of Carolina. Mingo alone remained, occupying his wigwam, with his wife and children, and finding his support in the waters of Deer Creek and in the wooded hills that bordered it. The reason of this seemingly singular procedure is, as will appear, but another illustration of the mysterious nature of man and the power of a sentiment.

The Mingoes of Deer Creek made frequent forays upon the Indians living on the waters of the lower Patapsco, and occasionally extended their incursions into Eastern Maryland and Virginia. In one of their adventures they penetrated the country as far south as the eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay, opposite the mouth of the Potomac, and, attacking suddenly and unexpectedly, surprised and captured a large village, with much booty and some prisoners. Among the captives was Watumpka, the daughter of Wesaco, in his day the most celebrated chieftain of the Wicomicos. Brought by her captors to the Rocks of Deer Creek, which at the period referred to was the general rendezvous of the Mingo warriors of the vicinity, and from which they conducted their warlike expeditions, and to which they returned to make distribution of the common spoils,—happily for Watumpka, in the allotment of the prisoners, she fell

to the share of Mingo, who had participated in the expedition. This youthful warrior had seen twenty summers. He had already at that age developed into the noblest type of manhood. Six feet in height, of corresponding weight, straight as the arrow he let go from his bow, of perfect features, rather Roman than Indian, and of dignified mien, he was the admiration of his tribe. Added to these physical attractions was a mind and heart intellectual, sympathetic and loving. The artist would have selected him as his ideal, and the female heart chosen him as its possession forever. Of Watumpka it might have been said, Indian though she was, what the immortal bard said of the gentle Desdemona :

“ A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at itself.”

And of the attractions of her person what Michael Cassio said of the gentle maiden :

“ Tempests themselves, high seas and howling winds,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
The divine ” Watumpka.

Mingo saw and was conquered. His captive was the captor. Watumpka submitting resignedly to the fate of the captured—expatriation from her home—and yielding to the ardent wooing of her lover, consented to become his bride. The celebration of the nuptials was in accordance with the rites of the Mingoes, after which she occupied with her husband a wigwam on the banks of the Upper Deer Creek. There, under the shadows of Mingo Hill, in the quiet and patient performance of the duties of her position as wife and mother, she passed the days of her allotted life. Not indeed without feeling the weight of the shadows that fell upon her heart in the recollection of the happy scenes of childhood and youth, and in the remembrance of the loss of a noble father and the care of a tender mother. These were but occasional experiences. The duties of life and the sense of the affections of him she had chosen generally absorbed her thought.

How long Mingo remained on Deer Creek after the occupancy of the country by the whites is not known. The ancestors

of some of the present residents of upper Harford knew him to have been there several years after they had settled in the neighborhood—among them, Richard Deaver, the great-grandfather of the present George and Richard Deaver. That after a time he followed his tribe westward is conjectured; but if so, not until after the death of Watumpka, his captured bride. By the side of the river, under the shadows of the trees, was laid in deepest grief what was mortal of Watumpka, the child of Wesaco the Wicomico, and the wife of Mingo the Mas-sawomike. And it is not difficult, we think, for the occupants of Mingo Park, as they sit by the blazing fire in the winter nights, to imagine that they hear the voice of Mingo, who long since joined Watumpka in the land of spirits, mingling with the voices of the winds without. It is the voice of the shade of the yet living and loving Mingo, which seeks to commune with the shade of the still living and loving Watumpka.

Honnis, a venerable chief of the Wyandots, said to an acquaintance of the writer of this narrative, that the warriors of his nation were called upon to put each one grain of corn into a wooden tray that would hold more than half a bushel, and that before all had done so the tray was full and running over. The Mingoes were a more numerous and powerful nation, covering a great tract of country, estimated to have been twelve hundred miles in length and seven hundred miles in breadth. Along the Susquehanna and its tributaries, among the forests of Deer Creek and in its valleys, were once many of these people. There remained for a while after their departure a single representative of this once mighty nation. He lingered because his captive wife, the beautiful and loving Watumpka, was alien to his people. They had killed her father, Wesaco, the honored chief of the Wicomicos, and made her a captive in a strange land and among a strange people. Obedient to a mysterious quality of the human mind, she became the wife of a Mingo, participating in his toils and sharing in his sympathies. Him alone she loved, and for him and the children she bore to him she lived—to the Mingoes alien forever,—a sentiment that led her to end her life and find her grave among the pale faces, also the inexorable foes of her race.

THE HERMIT OF THE OTTER ROCK.

YEARS ago—I will not say how many—there lived in the Valley of Virginia a family of English origin. They had emigrated to America, not to better their worldly condition, but to relieve themselves, if possible, of the shadow of a great trouble which had fallen upon them at their former home. The head of the household was of noble birth—the blood of the ——— ran in his veins. Unhappily his temper was irascible, and he lacked ability to control its violence. In a controversy with a fellow-nobleman he yielded to its exactions, and struck a blow that almost instantly proved fatal to his antagonist. Conscious of the insufficiency of the provocation that led to the fatal result, and properly fearing the majesty of that equal justice which is a distinguishing characteristic of English law, he fled his country, and under an assumed name sailed to America, and found, as he thought, a refuge of safety in the province of New Jersey. Having brought with him abundant means, he purchased an estate in the vicinity of what is now ———, and made preparation for the reception of his family. The large reward that had been offered for his arrest stimulated inquiry, and it was learned that he had fled to America. Detectives were put upon his track, and they were likely to accomplish the arrest of the object of their search. Information of these facts coming to the knowledge of the criminal and fugitive, he suddenly and secretly left the locality in which he had been living, and by concealed travel eventually reached the forests of Virginia. Purchasing from Lord Fairfax, then proprietor of the northern neck of Virginia, a tract of land consisting of two thousand acres, a few miles east of the present site of ———, he again prepared for the reception of his wife and children. Here he was secure, and was in a brief time rejoined by his family. At that distant period of the past there were not, as now, large towns, substantially built, and attractive villages, with communities in town and country possessing all the refinements of highly cultured society. There was not a hamlet; only an occasional cabin, connected by paths or the blazings of the trees, and with rare exceptions, the few, isolated inhabitants were as rude and

uncultivated as their surroundings. An exception was the family of noble lineage. The oldest child of that family was a son, and at the time of which we write was a young man twenty-four years of age, of cultivated mind, and of much personal attraction. In heart he was as his mother, a woman of gentle nature and sweetness of disposition. And from her he inherited a love of solitude. Though she was the wife of a nobleman of large wealth, and constrained by her position when at home to mingle much in society, it was always without pleasure, and gladly intermitted. This predisposition to solitude was intensified by the occurrence which led to the removal of the family to America. In its wilds at that day, where solitude reigned almost supreme, Walter — realized the fullest gratification of the inherited and now cultivated predisposition. He communed with nature and with his own spirit, saddened by the remembrance of a great misfortune.

Calamities come not singly. To that family of stricken ones death came in the character of a mysterious plague, and all save Walter — fell victims to its relentless power. The solitude that he had coveted and enjoyed, now intensified, became insupportable, and he sought relief from its oppressions. Having heard from a trapper of the wilds of northeastern Maryland, with its wondrous lake abounding in fish, of the cataract falling from the summit of a rocky ridge three hundred feet in height, and of the rapid river, in the waters of which the otter and the beaver abounded, and of the forests in which roamed the elk, the bear and the deer, he resolved to make it his home, where, undisturbed by human associations, he might commune alone with nature and the denizens of forest and river ; and forgetting, if such were possible, that crime of a parent which had smitten his heart with an inexpressible anguish, wait patiently and submissively for that event which comes to all. Early on the morning of May — he bade adieu to the forests of Virginia, and, after a fatiguing journey of some days, reached his destination. He had not been deceived by the representations of the trapper. He found lake and cataract, waters abounding in fish and forests in game. About one-half mile east of the Rocks of Deer Creek is a massive rock projecting from a precipitous hill into the water. The rock is cavernous, and was a home of

otters; hence its name, the "Otter Rock." On the hill, one hundred yards above the rock, in a thick growth of laurel, the hermit erected a rude hut of fallen logs. The cabin was well concealed from view by the thicket of undergrowth, and having to and from it a narrow, circuitous path, he deemed himself secure from intrusion. The once "petted child of fortune" took up his abode in this solitary place of the wilderness, trusting in his skill in the use of gun and trap and hook to supply him with the material necessary to sustain his physical life, and hoping to escape the recollections of the great wrong that had poisoned so soon the springs of his earthly felicity.

Solitude, to be advantageous, must be for a season only. Communing with ones self cannot long be protracted. Too long apart from his fellows, man will conjure up a thousand beings to converse with his thoughts; he will give sentiment and even language to inanimate objects. The wild man will people the solitudes of the wilderness with society, and the untutored man in his solitary watchings and walkings among hills and valleys has his fears aroused by traditions of places haunted by spirits and ghouls. Where human associations break not the monotony of speechless existence, there it always is

"Fast in the wilderness and dream of spirits."

So it became with the hermit. Now he lived in an ideal world. Educated from his youth to believe in spiritual existences, he peopled the solitudes with real though invisible beings, and often in his dreams, as also in his waking reveries, communed with them. The Puckwudjimmenees—those fairy beings whom the Algonquins thought planted the acorns from which the forests of oaks grow—not infrequently to his vision

"—came fleeting by
In the pale autumnal ray."

In the vicinity of his retreat was a gentle spring of cool, limpid water, which he imagined was haunted by those mysterious little people. There is, perhaps, some apology for the superstition, for an ancient legend tells

"How that old fountain was peopled erst by fairies;
That the spirit of their spells
And flowery rites yet on its margin tarries,
And that upon the summer eve, in the silent air still lingers
The wild, sweet music of a band of fay-like singers."

Such solitude could not be sustained, and the hermit turned to the living instincts around him for relief. In so doing he found pleasure. He found in his communings with the occupants of forest and lake, grove and river, rare and exquisite enjoyments, joys denied him by the presence of civilized life, and not found in the dreamy existence he had been living. The birds entertained him with rarest songs of sweetest melodies, and to his ear the howl of the wolf and the cry of the panther were music. So also the scream of the eagle and the hissing of the serpent. With all the habitants of woods and waters he cultivated intimate relations. He recognized them as friends, and deported himself towards them as such. His friendship was reciprocated, and on their part was confiding. Had he been seen in his wanderings through the woodlands, or in his solitary walkings by the river's side, strange phenomena would have been witnessed. The birds accompanied him, flitting after him from tree to tree, or bush to bush, reluctant, seemingly, to be absent from one whom they manifestly esteemed and loved. The fish recognized his voice, and upon his appearance on the banks of the streams would gather to his presence. They fed from his hand as trustingly as the child feeds from the hands of a loving mother. The raccoon, the opossum, the wildcat and the timid deer were equally confiding. An Adam in his Eden, he ruled the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the waters. If his physical necessities required the offering of the confiding, that sacrifice was made with the utmost tenderness and consideration.

The hermit was not always indifferent to human associations. Rarely, indeed, did he leave his seclusion to mingle with men. At distant intervals the hermitage was visited by persons prompted by curiosity, if by no other motive. These rare occasions were enjoyed by him, and to his visitors were of great interest. His facility of communication was great, and at the times referred to his conversations were intensive in their character, the logical reaction from the life of seclusion he had led. My aged friend, to whom I am indebted for the history of the hermit, informed me that the legends of this book were communicated to the hermit, from whom he received them, by an aged warrior of the Mingoes. The Iroquois, as the Mingoes

were called by the French, having abandoned, through stress of circumstances, the peaceful pursuits of agriculture for warlike achievements, left the frozen lakes and the haunted forests, and sweeping southward, reduced to subjection the mighty Susquehannocks, who, until the coming of the hated Maquas, never knew defeat. The Mingoes came not to exterminate, but to dominate. They were the original carpet-baggers of the American Continent.

Times change, and men and things change with them. The lake and cataract no longer exist. Under the shadows of the "Rocks" human habitations are built. The waters of Deer Creek are utilized in the production of the necessities and conveniences of civilized and, in a certain sense, artificial life. The rude hut of the hermit has long since disappeared, and the progress of the age threatens greater innovations. But a very brief space of time ago men of singular mien were seen among the hills and along the valleys of Deer Creek, with peculiar instruments in their hands, measuring the surface of the earth as they passed. Unknowingly they stood on the very spot on which rested the Hermit of the Otter Rock, and had they not been so intent on pursuing their curious vocation, they might have heard the voice of a mysterious though invisible stranger bidding them, "Begone!" For have not these men reported that these hills and valleys shall soon reverberate with the loud whistlings of the "locomotive" and the thunderings of the "train?" And such will be the substitution for the poetries of nature in the solitudes of the wilderness.

Age came to the hermit, and with it thoughts of other days and sweeter joys. Present to his vision often was the image of his mother, and in the slumbers of the night he would dream that he heard her, as in the days of his childhood, breathing blessings upon him. He awoke to find it but an illusive dream. Sickness came, and with it fever, picturing images of terror. The vigils of the night brought with them the sense of loneliness, and the mornings gave no relief. Alone in the wilderness, without the sympathy of his kind, and by infirmity denied the happiness he had derived from association with the instincts around him, he passed the days of his closing life. He was then heard to say he was thinking of his mother:—

"Thy gentle hand seems lightly still caressing
The flaxen hair so loved, so prized by thee,
And, as in days gone by, I hear thy blessing
Breathed, oh! so earnestly."

The end came. The solitary watcher by the couch of the departing was a lone star. Looking upward, he gazed long and intently upon it, and interpreted the beautiful phenomenon as prophetic of joys beyond it, where He abides who dwells in the light inaccessible. The last words he uttered were "My mother."

RAZUKA ; A LEGEND OF ROCK RIDGE LAKE.

THE Rocks of Deer Creek are the great natural curiosity of Harford County, Md. Who first discovered them? What was their condition at the time of discovery? These questions may not be capable of satisfactory answers. A tradition of the distant and uncertain past is that the first white man who visited that locality did not find it as it now is. Instead of the gorge, and the rocks, and the river running at their base, there was an impact rock ridge, holding against its gigantic breast the waters of a mighty lake, and throwing from its summit, three hundred feet in height, the waters of Deer Creek. The physical features of the ridge, and the characteristics of the low lands for at least five miles above it, justify the conjecture that the traditionary lake and cataract are not myths. In the absence of certain historical information, it may be allowable to accept the tradition as in accordance substantially with the facts. Of the name of the first discoverer we have no available knowledge. If his name is recorded, it may be found in some musty volume of some foreign library. There is a bare possibility that some adventurer, associated with the expedition of the celebrated Captain John Smith, the founder of the colony of Jamestown, Virginia, who in his exploration of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, sailed as far as the mouth of the

Susquehanna river, may have heard, on the arrival of the expedition at that locality, of the wonders of the not distant wilderness—scarce a day's journey—and that he was the first civilized man who gazed upon those wonderful exhibitions of nature. It is probable that to a Jesuit father, who had penetrated the wilderness in the prosecution of his sacred mission, the honor of discovery is due. These holy fathers were the earliest explorers of our Western territories and inland seas and rivers. They were the spiritual guides and counsellors of many of the North American Indians, and in the furtherance of their work rescued many a wonder of nature from the gloom of the primeval forest. But even though these conjectures be inadmissible, and we should be left to the judgment that at the discovery of this continent by Columbus, in 1492, the Rocks and the Ridge were essentially what they are at the present time, such a conviction does not destroy our faith in the existence of the lake and fall at some more distant period in the past. The testimony of the ridge and valleys assure our belief. We naturally regret that the pent-up waters of Deer Creek exerted so soon that resistless energy that clove asunder a mountain and reduced their volume to the comparatively small stream of to-day. There is beauty in the sinuous Deer Creek, threading its way between abrupt wooded hills and along fertile valleys; also sublimity in the "Rocks" and rapids as they now are; but how much more of grandeur in the mighty lake and the lofty cataract, rivalling the Falls of Montmorenci or those of the Yosemite Valley.

An ancient bard, whose name is unknown, sang of the Rocks of Deer Creek :

A bare and isolated rock,
 On which no tuft of moss has ever grown;
 In front a precipice descends far down,
 Where a rapid river sweeps along.
 Behind, nature has shaped an opening in the cliff
 (Which looks with frowning brows upon the scene),
 To the resemblance of a lovely garden;
 There wild flowers bloom, and scent the evening breeze;
 There birds resort and warble all day long;
There lovers meet and whisper tales of love.

I have italicized the last line, and for two reasons; first, because it is as true of the present as the past; and second,

because it recalls the legend of the Lake and the Rocks, which I learned in my youth from the aged and venerable hermit of the Otter Rock.

There once lived on the northern borders of the lake, in the wigwam of her father, a noted chieftain in his day, an Indian maiden of exceeding beauty and rare fascination. This latter statement may be received with incredulity by those who have not had the opportunity of observing the North American Indians in their natural state, removed from the contamination of civilization. The hermit assured me that it is nevertheless true, and I proceed in his own language to describe the attractions of Razuka, the Beauty of the Lake:

“Slender, delicate and elastic as a reed swaying in the currents of a gentle breeze, above the ordinary height, while all the outlines of her graceful figure displayed the lithe and fragile symmetry of girlish years with the mature development of perfect womanhood. Her brow and face were dark, and the rich blood crimsoned her full pouting lips, and flushed peach-like through the golden hue of her cheeks with as warm a tide as ever burned in the impassioned cheeks of an Anglo-Norman beauty. Her long straight hair was of the deepest black. Her eyes had the long almond orbits and long fringed lashes, which are deemed the rarest charms of Italian beauty, and the large soft pupils of the deepest, clearest hazel swam in a field of nacreous bluish lustre, which could be compared to nothing but the finest mother-of-pearl. Her teeth were of perfect whiteness, and her features had a harmony and unison entirely their own, a soft, tranquil, half unconscious majesty of stillness.

Such is the very imperfect recollection of the description of the beauty of Razuka, the loveliest of her tribe. Habituated to labor, as all Indian women are, it was but pastime to paddle the light bark canoe, which was her favorite employment. On the lake alone, angling for the fish which abounded in it, she passed many days of her happy life. This life, so free from the anxieties and perplexities of the artificial life of civilized communities, might have been protracted indefinitely but for the possession of the personal attractions that entitled her to the name she bore, Razuka, the Beauty of the Lake. Not only the young men of her own tribe, but those of other and distant tribes,

were wont to seek her presence at the wigwam of her father, or gathering on the shores of the lake, gaze with fixed look upon the Beauty shooting her frail canoe with the speed of the arrow through the glassy waters. At one time, having passed entirely over the lake to the opposite shore, she was attracted by the beauty of a wild rose, some distance from the bank, and was about making an effort to secure it, when she heard the rumbling of the not distant thunder. Turning her face to the west, she observed a portentous storm-cloud gathering on the horizon. Anxious, she turned the prow of the boat homeward, and rowing with energy, reached the middle of the lake, when the storm fell in its fury upon the waters. Standing upon the shore near the wigwam was a young man of another tribe, who had been smitten by the charms of Razuka, and solicitous for the welfare of her whose life was evidently imperilled, entered hurriedly a canoe lying near by, and pushed out rapidly upon the storm-lashed lake to rescue, if possible, the endangered. Happily he reached her, and taking her into his stronger boat, after almost superhuman exertion, brought her in safety to her home. The rescuer, whose timidity had hitherto deterred him from any marked demonstration of interest in Razuka, now very naturally hoped that the heroic deed he had done would recommend him to the favorable consideration of the chief, the father of the saved; and having awakened the sentiment of gratitude in the mind of the daughter, it might eventually lead to the possession of the prize he coveted. Under ordinary circumstances, such doubtless would have been the case, but unhappily for the cherished hopes of the noble rescuer, Razuka had, unknown to her family, reciprocated the affections of another. Chocorea, the son of a Maquas chief, was the favored one. The father of Razuka, ignorant that the interest of his daughter was endangered, and feeling the obligation of gratitude, would have encouraged the aspirations of the saviour of his idolized child. He intimated to Razuka that possibly her union with the Swan might promote her happiness, and if so, to himself the alliance would not be objectionable. Desirous to undeceive her father, and unwilling that her rescuer, to whom she was bound by the strongest ties of gratitude, should cherish a hope that could not be realized, she frankly declared that her

heart belonged to another—to Chocorea, the son of the chief of the Massawomikes, the inveterate foes of her tribe.

“Never,” said the chief, her father, “shall the daughter of a Susquehannock wed the son of a Maquas,” (the Massawomikes were sometimes so called.) “The Maquas are dogs. These forests had been from time immemorial the undisturbed hunting-grounds of my people, and in this lake they caught at pleasure the white belly and the blue fin, and below the falls, in the water of our river, the shad, the herring and the eel; and my people had hoped that they would sit by their fires unmolested, and smoke their pipes in peace while sun and moon endured; but, alas! in an evil day the prowling wolves of the frozen lakes and haunted forests, the sneaking Maquas, came, and but for the strength of my arm and the arms of my noble braves, many of whom fell by the arrows of the hated ones, my people would have been swept from the earth, as the north wind sweeps the dry leaves from the woodlands. Murderers the Maquas are—robbers, sneaks! No Maquas shall ever wed the daughter of Nieskan, the Susquehannock, and the life of the insolent shall atone for his presumption.” This threat was put into execution.

In the twilight of the same evening when these ominous words were uttered, Razuka met Chocorea in the glen (their usual place of meeting), in the rear of her father’s wigwam. That interview was hurried and anxious, and resulted in the determination of Razuka to leave the wigwam of her father for the distant home of her hated lover. A meeting was appointed for the ensuing evening to determine the time and mode of their departure. That interview never took place. On the morning of that day, by the hand of the angered father, Chocorea, the lover of Razuka, was slain, and his body was thrown into the lake. The report of a firearm announced the fearful tidings to Razuka, and life for her had no further charms.

Standing, like some grim sentinel on the southern border of the lake, was a gigantic and precipitous rock, which threw its shadows upon its waters. To the summit of this eminence Razuka, immediately upon the report of the death of Chocorea, made her way, and, fastening to her body a stone of heavy weight, secured by a cord made of the bark of the birch tree, threw herself into the dark waters.

—“On the strand
Two sleeping bodies afterward were found,
Chocorea and Razuka, joined in death
As they had been in life. Their spirits, too,
(So the untutored children of the woods
Believed) had gone to happier grounds—
The Red Man's paradise—to live and love
Forever there.”

And furthermore the legend says that at that lone rock, where Razuka met her fate, is seen at summer eve a great enchantress,

—“Who will sometimes pour
Such glowing tales of love into your ear,
That in a transport you will spread your arms,
And clasp a lovely vision.”

THE ENCHANTRESS OF HUNTING RIDGE.

RUNNING parallel with Rock Ridge, one and a-half miles north-northwest of the Rocks of Deer Creek, is Hunting Ridge, and, like the first, is high, rugged, and in places precipitous. Both ridges are covered with trees, generally of large growth, and between them is a narrow valley. The whole scene is of the wildest character, and, singularly, to the inhabitants generally of the county of Harford, is almost as much unknown as are the Highlands of Scotland or the mountains of Switzerland. In the narrow valley, at a time far beyond the memory of living man, there dwelt, as the ancient legend tells us, in a rude hut, built of unhewn logs and covered with clapboards, a family consisting of three persons—an aged man, apparently of fourscore years, intellectual in his appearance and courtly in his manners; a venerable woman, intelligent and dignified of mien; their daughter, a young lady possessing much beauty, affable, and of rare intellectual and social accomplishments. Whence they came none knew, and why they should have left a refined and cultivated community to take up their residence in so isolated and forbidding a locality was a mystery to all. After a time the abode was untenanted, and no one knew whither the former

occupants had gone. A few years ago a gentleman visited La Grange, the country-seat of E. S. Rogers, Esq., and hearing the legend, was prompted by curiosity, and the interest he felt in the shadowy past, to visit the unknown scenes. About the middle of the afternoon of a summer day he left the residence of his hospitable friend at La Grange, and walked to the locality of whose physical attractions and mythical story he had heard. The experiences of his visit I will give in his own language, as nearly as my memory will permit me :

“Entranced by the grandeur of the hills and the picturesque loveliness of the vale, I lingered until the twilight of the evening came. Warned by the lateness of the hour, I was about to retrace my steps toward La Grange, when I observed, a short distance from me, a rude hut of logs, which gave signs of occupation. Associating this scene with the legend of the mysterious family, I felt an uncontrollable impulse to visit the rude habitation and its inmates. As I approached the dwelling I heard a female voice of exquisite melodiousness, accompanied by a harp, singing—

“When summer flowers are weaving
Their perfume wreaths in air,
And the zephyr wings receiving
The love gifts, gently bear;
Then memory’s spirit stealing,
Lifts up the veil she wears,
In all their light revealing
The loved of other years.

“When summer stars are shining
In the deep, blue midnight sky,
And their brilliant rays entwining,
Weave coronals on high;
When the fountain’s waves are singing
In tones night only hears,
Then sweet thoughts waken, bringing
The loved of other years.

“The flowers around me glowing,
The midnight stars’ pure gleams,
The fountain’s ceaseless flowing,
Recalls life’s fondest dreams,
Where all be bright in heaven,
And tranquil are the spheres,
To thee sweet thoughts are given,
The loved of other years.”

“The interest I had felt was now intensified, and immediately upon the cessation of the voice and harp I rapped at the door. It was heard and answered by a gentle voice, bidding me, “Come in.” I entered, and finding but a single occupant, a young lady, made as though I would leave the room, when a kind but emphatic, “Be seated,” constrained me to remain. The young lady in whose presence I was possessed great personal attractions. Her features were regular, her form elastic and graceful, showing that no common blood flowed through her veins. An irrepressible desire seized me to know by what strange mutation of fortune one so gifted should have been impelled to bury herself and all her hopes in this desolate wilderness. I was about to enter into conversation, with the view of eliciting information that might give me a clue to the history of the mysterious being, when I felt myself under the influence of a strange spell. In a few moments I was in a profound slumber. How long I slept I did not know, and when I awoke the scene was wholly changed. I was in a princely mansion. In the room a solitary light was gleaming. The windows were draped with heavy silken curtains. A whisper of leaves and the murmur of a fountain were heard coming from without. Delicate flowers, arranged in vases, were shedding their perfume through the room, and the silver lamp shed a soft and radiant light on every object. The only occupant of the room besides myself was a young lady of medium height, pale of complexion, standing, statue-like, in the middle of the room, with a harp in her hand. She sang :

“ Deep hidden in the bosom lies
 A talisman of magic power,
 An heirloom borrowed from the skies,
 For man in his first sinless hour,
 Inwoven in his secret heart
 By some kind, pitying angel's hand,
 Eve, Eden saw him sad depart
 A wandering exile through the land.
 This, when all other gifts took wing,
 When of each heavenly gift bereft,
 He stood a doomed, deserted thing,
 From the great moral wreck was left—
 Was left to light the lurid gloom
 That gathered o'er in his fall,
 To burst, to brighten, and to bloom

O'er ruined Eden, Eve, Earth—all,—
Awakening joys that ne'er were his
In all their matchless pride and power,
Until all other hopes of bliss
Fled from him. In that angry hour,
When Heaven resumed the gifts it gave,
And drove him forth in his despair
To look upon his future grave,
The self-same hand was ready there
As when it plucked the fruit for him.
She touched the gem his bosom bore,
And though till now its light was dim,
A glory like the Cherubim
It from that magic moment wore.
And ever, 'mid the wrong and wrath
Of life, there beameth far above
The darkness dwelling on his path,
The glory gleam of *woman's love*."

"Again the scene changed. I was in the depths of a dark forest. It was midday, but the light of the sun scarce reached me at the spot where I was standing—the overhanging branches of the heavy-foliaged trees were almost impenetrable to its rays. Of the time when I left the princely mansion and its accomplished inmate I had no recollection, nor how I reached the interior of the forest. I saw no road, not even a path, by which I could have entered it. My situation perplexed me; indeed, alarmed me. For the first time in my life I saw myself surrounded by a network of mysterious circumstances I could not comprehend. My intellect failed me in the perception of my real condition; so also in the apprehension of the means by which I might be relieved from what seemed to me a hopeless imprisonment in the unknown wilderness. The anxieties of my situation awoke me. I was in the library of my friend at La Grange. Looking at the clock upon the mantel, I found that I had been asleep half an hour. I had been under the influence of a great Enchantress. What is her name?"

THE "ROBBER'S DEN; OR, THE LEARNED PHILOLOGIST."

A SHORT distance above the Otter Rock, on the opposite bank of Deer Creek, and in view of the "Rocks," is a large cavernous rock, that was, as tradition informs us, in the far past the retreat of an unhappy man, whose hands, like those of Ishmael, the brother of Isaac, the son of Abraham, were against every man, and every man's hand against him. The entrance to the cave is now partially closed by portions of its roof, which have fallen. Directly opposite, and near to the water, was a narrow path, used at first by the Indians in their journeyings to and from the Rocks of Deer Creek and the waters of the Chesapeake Bay and Patapsco River, afterwards by the original white settlers in their travel from one neighborhood to another.

The occupant of the cavern had been reared in affluence and amidst elevating and refining associations. Born in Germany, he received his early education in a gymnasium, an institution answering to an American college. Afterwards he became a student of the University of Heidelberg, one of the largest educational institutions of a land which has ever been distinguished for its ripe scholars and learned philosophers. Immediately after the completion of his scholastic studies, he entered the service of the government as an *attache'* of an Ambassador to the English Court. Of great acuteness of intellect, well skilled in international law and the arts of diplomacy, and ever prompt and faithful in the discharge of the duties of his position, he won the confidence of his superiors, and was recommended to preferment. Unhappily, at that period of English history, the Court was corrupt; from the monarch down to the humblest servant of the State, profligacy of manners generally prevailed. Truth, honor, integrity, virtue, were words that had no meaning, for the sentiments, principles and actions of which they are the representatives had no existence. Influenced by such examples, his moral force was weakened and his sense of right obscured. The tempter came to him in the guise of a gilded bait—the love of money—that not for its own sake, but for the

ability it would give him to gratify his depraved appetites and propensities. The German government has always been characterized by a commendable frugality, not parsimoniousness, but a generous economy. Hence, the salary and perquisites of the *attache'* sufficed to maintain the dignity of his position, but were not enough for its abuse. The Embassy, having failed on several occasions to receive remittances of money that had been made in the usual manner, employed the services of English detectives, who, after several failures, succeeded in fixing the crime of the abstraction of the funds on the subordinate.

The young man, receiving timely information that suspicion had fallen on him, immediately, in the habit of an English laborer, went on board a Dutch vessel then lying in the Thames, which in a few hours thereafter hoisted sail for America. Arrived at New York, he deemed it unsafe to remain, and having heard of the wilds of Southern Pennsylvania, journeyed thitherward. And after a fatiguing travel of many days, through forests and swamps, and crossing broad rivers, he reached a locality one-half mile east of the present site of Fawn Grove, York county. He built a rude hut of bark, a few yards above the spring, on the farm now in the occupancy of Thomas Wright, Esq., and there tarried for a time, subsisting on the game the forest afforded and the trout caught in the waters of Wild Cat Branch. His stay would probably have been protracted, but ascertaining a few months after his coming that several families of English—supposed to have been members of the Society of Friends—had migrated to his vicinity, he hurriedly left, and directing his steps southward, found himself in a few hours amidst the rugged hills and dense forests in the vicinity of the Rocks of Deer Creek, and believing that here, if anywhere, he would be safe from the pursuit of justice, he chose as the place of his refuge the rock now known as the “Robber’s Den.”

Better thoughts came to the unfortunate, and he resolved to expiate, by penitence and reformation, if such could be, the sin that had made him an outcast and a fugitive in the wilds of America. There was, indeed, no church in the wilderness, at the altars of which he could bow, no clergyman to instruct and comfort, but He against whom he had most sinned, who is not

confined to temples built with hands, was there in that "void waste," to witness his tears and hear his cries. Alas! there needed only the presence of the tempter and the occasion of temptation—where are they not?—to call forth again the vicious elements of character that had not been destroyed, only suppressed. At that time Mason and Dixon were running and marking the boundary line between the provinces of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and their party had in the progress of their work reached a point near where the road from Fawn Grove to Fellowship Methodist Episcopal Church crosses Wild Cat Branch. At a spring near by, now on the farm of J. L. Glenn, Esq., they had encamped for a few days to await supplies of provisions from Philadelphia, by way of Joppa, then a seaport town in the province of Maryland. From what is now Forest Hill, there ran northward toward the camp of the surveyors the Indian trail of which I have written, along which the packed mules must pass.

Early on the morning of what promised to be a bright autumnal day, the robber was awakened from his somewhat protracted slumbers by the cries of the muleteers then approaching. Hastily seizing his gun, he made rapidly for the summit of Rock Ridge, one mile southwest of the "Rocks," and secreting himself, awaited the coming of the train. In less than an hour it reached that point of the path, and being in range with his rifle, he fired, killing the leading mule. This so alarmed the drivers that they hastily abandoned the mules, and ran in the direction of their camp. Hiding the spoils in a secure place, the robber left the locality of his den for a time, to avoid the search that he feared would be made for him. In a few weeks he returned to the cave.

In the "Den" the once accomplished gentleman and honored scholar and diplomate, but now degraded and dishonored man, passed several years of his life, issuing therefrom, as necessity constrained him, to prey upon the unsuspecting and often unarmed travelers. His many deeds of cruel daring are recorded in the "Chronicles of the Rocks of Deer Creek," but, sadly for our knowledge, these chronicles are written in a language to which we have no adequate key. There has come down to us the interpretation of a few words of the now obso-

lete language, which gives us some faint idea of the difficulty of translation by the most skilled philologists, if a translation is possible at all. The words are: Nummatchakodtautamoonkannunnonash—our lusts; Kummogkedonatootimmooetiongannunnonash—our questions; and Noowomantammoonkauunau-nash—our loves. Whether this was the language of the Susquehannocks, who originally occupied the country in the vicinity of the “Rocks,” or of the Lenopes, who possessed the country eastward and northward, or of the Mingoes, who at one period dominated both of these nations, we have not been advised. It may be an admixture of the three, as it is known that the intermingling of tribes did modify dialects. Nor do we know whether the learned may or may not find in the words resemblance to the family of Semetic languages—the Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, Punic, Aramean, Syriac, Ethiopic, Hymyaritic. If such could be shown to be the case, then we might hope for the ultimate translation into English of the “Book of the Chronicles of the Rocks of Deer Creek.” Such a result would also establish the theory of the eastern origin of the Indians of North America.

The coming of new settlers made the habitation of the robber and philologist untenable. He could not expose himself to the certainty of detection.

Furthermore, just at that time a paper was found by him in the path opposite the den; its contents were as follows: “By the King, a proclamation for the more effectual reducing and suppressing of pirates and privateers in America, as well on the sea as on the land in great numbers, committing frequent robberies and piracies, which hath occasioned a great prejudice and obstruction to trade and commerce, and given a great scandal and disturbance to our government in those parts.”—*London Gazette*.

Whither he went, we do not know; and the only remembrance of the unhappy man is the “Book of the Chronicles of the Rocks of Deer Creek.” Who can translate it?

THE AGED TRAPPER, HUNTER AND FISHERMAN OF THE INDIAN CUPBOARD.

THE Indian Cupboard is a well-known locality one and a-half miles below the Rocks of Deer Creek, and one-fourth mile below the ancient mill now owned by heirs of the late J. Bond Preston, Esq. The Cupboard is a cavern entering a bold and projecting rock whose base is washed by the waters of Deer Creek. Within a few yards of this rock is the home of Alexius, the noted trapper, hunter and fisherman. When Alexius first saw the light of day is not known by the writer of this narrative, nor is it important to the interest of the story that it should be known. I am aware that ordinarily such ignorance might be interpreted as evidence of want of interest in the subject of the story, and perhaps as a lack of appreciation of his deeds. Such a judgment would do essential injustice to the hero, and such he was in the truest and most significant sense of that term. If his deeds do not rival those of the celebrated Baron Munchausen in the quality of exaggeration, or those of the Arabian Nights in romantic significance, they are such as to rank him with the celebrities of the time, and to entitle him to a place on the historic page. The place where the infantile cries of Alexius were first heard is among the wild, weird scenes of Upper Deer Creek, in the vicinity of the "Rocks" so celebrated in story and in song. The great-grandparents of Alexius were from the Island of Madagascar, in the Indian Ocean. Their migration to the American Continent was a forced one. The negroes of Zululand, South Africa, known as daring and aggressive warriors, and unscrupulous as to the means by which they secured their ends, under pretense of a friendly visit, entered Madagascar with hostile purpose, and attacking their unsuspecting and unprepared army, defeated them, taking many prisoners. These they sold to Portuguese traders, who, in turn, transferred them to English dealers in men. Among these were the ancestors of the subject of my story. They were put on board ship, and, after a somewhat tempestuous voyage of ten months, were landed at Joppa, then a seaport town in the province of Maryland. Happily for them and their descendants,

they were purchased upon their arrival in America by a humane and benevolent gentleman then residing in the vicinity of Scott's old fields, now Bel Air, the county-seat of Harford.

Before proceeding further in the relation of my story, I will state, by way of parenthesis, that the people of Madagascar are not negroes. They are copper-colored, have straight black hair, and lack those prominent facial features which belong to the African race proper. They were sometimes enslaved, because it was practicable to do so, and profitable because their better looks made their possession more desirable. Enslaved, they intermarried with the inferior race, and hence but few, if any, remain of unmixed Island blood.

It is due to the character of slaveholders generally of that early period in the history of our Continent, to say that they were not deficient in those qualities that were needed to the discharge of the duties of their relations as masters. Their servants—such they were called—were well fed, well clothed, and their tasks, unlike those of Egyptian bondmen, were not heavy. To them was imparted a measure of education, and their attendance upon religious service was encouraged. In their early years they were allowed the utmost latitude of liberty. Basking in the sun, rolling in the sand, wading in the water, and an occasional siesta, constituted chiefly their summer employment; the winter, in the ashes by the blazing hickory fire, the occasional episode, snow-balling, or sliding on the ice. The only fear of the youthful negro was of his irate mamma, whose habit of persistent beatings has often suggested the inquiry, "Is the African woman destitute of sympathy?" Many a negro child has been shielded from the cruel treatment of its mother by the authority of a sympathetic master or mistress. Instincts are hereditary, and though they may be modified by time and circumstances, often survive in their original character, with more or less distinctness, for many generations. The woman in Africa who will barter her child for gain, in America may inflict cruel chastisements. Alexius was fortunate in the possession of his Madagascan mother, she having all that solicitude for her offspring, and exercising that maternal care which insured their comfort; and having in his mistress a lady of great benevolence of character and kindness of heart, his youthful life was happy.

Alexius developed at a very early age those tastes and qualities which have made him so celebrated in the annals of Deer Creek as a most skillful and successful trapper, hunter and fisherman. Retiring in his nature, he loved the solitudes of the forest, and found in communion with its occupants the gratification denied by the common pursuits of life. And it was thus in his association with birds and fishes. At that period the forests of Deer Creek abounded in game, and its waters in fish. In the woods were raccoons, opossums, ground-hogs, wildcats, and smaller game; in the streams fall-fish, perch, eels, trout and turtle. The favorite game of our hunter was the ground-hog, or wood-chuck, as naturalists call it; and many are the wonderful and marvelous stories told of his adventures with this animal. Like a skillful hunter as he was, his first effort was to secure their confidence. He frequented their burrows and made their acquaintance. He had the peculiar faculty of making himself understood by them. This animal is not alone in its susceptibility to education. The flea has been trained to know the voice of its master, and to be obedient to his commands. Unhappily for the confiding chuck, the motive of the seemingly friendly hunter was sinister; he smiled only to betray, and the confidence of the simple chuck was his destruction. 'Possum-hunting was an exciting pastime. In the woods of Rock Ridge and contiguous hills he passed much time in this, to him, pleasing pursuit. His habit was to leave his retreat about nightfall, taking with him his two trusty dogs, Bell and Traveler. Once on a trail, they followed it unerringly to the hiding-places of the game, which were usually in the thick boughs of some lofty tree, or in the rocky caves with which the ridges abound. The coon treed, the hunter ascended the tree with almost the agility of the squirrel, and, ascertaining the position of the game, proceeded to dislodge it. This he did either by a violent shaking of the limb, or by pushing the animal from his perch with a long and heavy pole. The coon on the ground was immediately secured by the dogs. More than once the hunter narrowly escaped the loss of his life in these perilous adventures, and he bears to this day on his hands the mark of the bite of an enraged coon struggling for his liberty. Want of space forbids the enumeration of the many thrilling adventures connected with his

pursuit of game in the forests. In the water he was equally successful. Eels of enormous length and size were trophies of the fisherman's skill, as also turtles of great bulk and wonderful strength. Notwithstanding the asseveration of the fisherman, whose veracity it is not our province to question, it is hard to believe that "Big Turtle" supported the weight of a man of one hundred and sixty pounds, and carried him on his back the distance of a half-mile. The theory of Darwin—the survival of the fittest—would lead us to look for animals of larger size at the present than in the past, and there is the remotest possibility that this trophy of our fisherman's skill was one—the last survivor possibly—of a family that had, by a fortuitous and fortunate concurrence of circumstances, been preserved from the power of all trappers, hunters and fishermen, from Nimrod down to the last of his class on Deer Creek.

Our hunter was characterized by an even courage that made him equal to emergencies generally. He was never known to exhibit fear in contest with bird or beast or fish. It was different as to a gigantic snake, a habitue of the hill opposite the old mill above the "Cupboard." This snake "was twenty feet long and thick as a man's body." It is conjectured that it was of foreign origin, or was of the Hall's-Spring species that in very late times so excited the people of that section of Baltimore county, Md. But whatever may be the opinion of the present generation as to these accounts of the size of the fauna of the past, it is true that our hero was remarkably successful in his favorite vocations. And now, in his old age, he is envied by the younger generation of hunters, trappers and fishermen. He may be seen occasionally, bearing homeward, as a trophy of his skill, a fat "chuck," and often in the early spring or summer morning drawing from the waters of Deer Creek the largest fall-fish or the longest eel. The "coon" and the "'possum" are now secure in their retreats, for age has incapacitated him for those exertions necessary to their successful pursuit.

A new day has dawned. An intensive civilization, eager for great achievements, has decreed that the hills and dales of Upper Deer Creek shall no longer rest in their comparative solitudes. The tramroad and the steam engine, with their enormous capacity of transportation, are about to substitute the common

modes of travel and trade. The change will bring an increased population, and insure the erection of factories and mills. The theatres of the solitary wanderings and walkings and skillful achievements of our hunter, trapper and fisherman will re-echo with the whirr of the wheel and the sound of the hammer. A new generation, with its real and artificial wants, will take the place of the old, content in their enjoyment of the common modes of life.

The Indian Cupboard, no longer tenantable, has been abandoned. A common country road has marred its beauties, and soon the mighty and mysterious dynamite will reduce its proportions still more. Reluctant to leave a spot endeared to him by so many recollections of the past, the subject of our narrative is building of stone and wood, under the shadow of the Copper Rock, a habitation conformable to the style of modern times, where, as a partial compensation for the great loss he has sustained, the exclusion of the employments and pleasures of the past, he will view the mysterious stranger as it passes by, laden with the productions of the earth and the fruits of human skill.

The story I have told is not of one reared in affluence, a child of fortune, but of a poor man, who has illustrated the dignity of manhood in the faithful discharge of the duties of life as he understood them. And there are those who have owed to him the preservation of their lives from a watery grave in the sometimes excessively swollen and turbulent waters of Deer Creek; and many more for assistances and courtesies that ought not to be forgotten. To that class of the community who worship only the great we have no apology to offer for this remembrance of the humble. We find in such recollection an illustration of the well-known adage, "Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

THE EAGLE.

SOME yards above the "Saloon" at the "Rocks," and under the hill, there lived in a small cabin a man by the name of Cully, the father of "Arch. Cully," so well known in his day

by the residents of Rock Ridge and its vicinity. At that early period the "Rocks" and their surroundings were in almost all their original wildness, unaffected by the arts and appliances of civilized life. The axe of the woodman might have been heard now and then, but no house other than the cabin had been erected, and no forge or furnace to mar the scene.

It was wash-day to the matron of the hut, and while engaged in the necessary vocation, she heard the cries of the chickens and the excited barkings of the dog without. An eagle, whose nest, with young, was on the summit of the opposite Rock, had swooped down from her eyrie, and seized with its talons one of the chickens. The little dog, true to its instincts, hastened to its rescue, and chicken, dog and eagle were soon engaged in earnest contest. The eagle was likely to succeed in her purpose, when the old lady, grasping her beetle, ran to the rescue, and striking the eagle a deadly blow, carried it in triumph to the cottage.

The eagle, like the original human inhabitants, pressed by the presence of civilized man, have sought their eyries on more distant and secluded heights. Occasionally one may be seen hovering about the summit of the Rocks, as if curious to observe the past homes of its progenitors.

WHITSUNTIDE.

For many years the Rocks were a resort at Whitsuntide. The best people of the country patronized the festival. It was a favorable time for making acquaintance and cementing friendships. And I suppose that then, as now, on festal days, Cupid was present, armed *cap-a-pie*, and that his arrows failed not of many a worthy mark. An estimable lady, who died a few years ago, living to be nearly one hundred years of age, was wont to speak with great interest of her visit to the Rocks of Deer Creek at Whitsuntide, when she was a little girl. Her

memory of the delicate and refined attentions of Colonel John Streett, a prominent gentleman of Harford county, in those early days, was very distinct, and she failed not to speak of them enthusiastically.

The Rocks in later years became at this season a scene of dissipation and rowdyism, and the patronage of the more respectable classes was discontinued. In the procession of years, another change has come. Now, at all seasons, the Rocks are a point of attraction to all classes. The pic-nic, harvest homes, political gatherings, railroad meetings, have substituted Whitsuntide; and upon the completion of the Baltimore and Delta Railroad, the Rocks must, from the attractions of scenery and the salubrity of the air, become the resort of persons from all sections of the county and more distant points.

“THE PERILOUS FEAT.”

To say fool-hardy would be an appropriate addition to qualify the act. A well-known resident of the neighborhood of the Rocks illustrated the truth of the old adage, “When wine is in wit is out,” by forcing his horse to the very verge of the precipice, with seeming intention of throwing himself and his noble animal into the fearful abyss below. The sober horse, with more discretion than his drunken master, seeing the peril, turned at the moment of immediate danger, and thus saved himself and rider from certain death. This unhappy man afterward, in an attempt to force his horse across Deer Creek when swollen, was drowned. The particular point on the Creek where he entered the water is said to have been about the head of the dam of Preston’s Mills, a short distance from where Samuel Nagle now resides. Thus died ignominiously a man who, but for indulgence in the use of an unnecessary beverage, might have lived for many years, a comfort to his family and an ornament to society.

CANAL AND RAILROAD.

Soon after the Tide-Water Canal was completed, our citizens agitated the subject of slack-water navigation from La Grange to the mouth of Deer Creek, thus making a direct and cheap outlet for our trade to Baltimore or Philadelphia. The idea was born of a felt necessity, but could not have been made practical. Such an improvement would not have paid. It has been well for the health of the country bordering Deer Creek that the project was impossible of realization. Canals and fevers are synonymous terms.

Instead of slack water, locks and dams, with increased disease, we shall have a railroad, with more direct communication with Baltimore, our chief commercial city. Under the direction of a most energetic President, Wm. H. Waters, Esq., and an enterprising Board of Directors, among whom is our almost Deer Creek citizen, Eli Tucker, Esq., sustained by citizens along the line, who are awake to its advantages, it is being pushed with commendable vigor, and will, we cannot doubt, be completed in good time.

To our immediate Rocks of Deer Creek neighborhood the effect of the road will be very significant. Our rocks and minerals will be marketable, and the attractions of our scenery will draw many curious visitors. And it is to be hoped that the possessors of the soil will awake from their more than Rip Van Winkle sleep. It is strange that they have slept so long, seeing that around them there are so many examples worthy to be imitated. The enterprise, thrift and judgment of such gentlemen as the Messrs. Streett, Butler, Gladden and others above, and the many competent and successful farmers below, should stimulate us in this little nook to an exertion that may make this comparative wilderness blossom as the rose.

To Stephen G. Boyd, Esq., of York county, Pa., much credit is due for his zeal and activity in furthering the interest of the railroad. Without his intelligent and persistent *push*, this needed work might have been delayed for years.

AN ACT OF VANDALISM.

ON the pinnacle was an immense boulder, weighing many tons, poised on a fixed rock so slightly and delicately that a strong man could move it at will, and yet it was so related to the rock upon which it rested, that it required the force of four men, aided by levers, to throw it from its position. This was one of the objects of greatest interest to visitors. These persons, without appreciation of nature, and of mere wantonness, or conceiving the purpose of giving immortality to their names, threw it from its position to the base of the rocks, where it now lies. I have understood that the proprietor of the Rocks offered a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of the ignoble deed, but that this was not effectual in securing that end. This may have been fortunate. Otherwise the names of the parties might have been coupled in history with the destroyers of Rome or the burners of the Alexandrian library.

THE ORIGINAL MOONSHINER.

SOUTHEAST of the "Rocks" three-fourths of a mile, through a ravine hidden by wooded hills, runs a small stream, having its sources in several springs a short distance above, which gives evidence of occupation and use. Remains of a dam still exist, as also traces of a ditch, leading to what has the appearance of the foundation of a building. For what purpose was the dam built, the ditch dug, and the building erected? The oldest inhabitants cannot answer these interrogatories, and have no tradition in relation thereto. We are therefore left to conjecture the purpose for which they were made. It may have been the location of the distillery of some moonshiner—one of the progenitors of the gentlemen of West Virginia, Tennessee, North

Carolina, and elsewhere, who are engaged in illicit distillation, to the great detriment of the revenues of the United States of America. If so, he could not have selected a place more favorable to his vocation.

Since writing the above I have had conversations with James Wann, Esq., and with David Tucker, Sr., an aged citizen, from whom I have learned some facts that may throw doubt on the moonshine theory. They informed me that in the earlier days of Harford the tub-mill was in use, requiring but little water; that the turning of chair-stuff by water, of which little volume was required, was common; as also the distillation of brandies from fruits, requiring comparatively little water. The waters of my brook may have been used for one of these purposes. A remark made by our venerable citizen, Mr. Tucker, throws doubt upon all these speculations. He said that it is not rare to find in the forests of this portion of Harford traces of ditches, sometimes of considerable length, leading to lowlands, and suggested that they might have been used for purposes of irrigation. If so, by whom? Not one of the oldest inhabitants has any knowledge of such use, and none know by whom they were excavated; nor is there tradition bearing upon the subject. Can it be that the people who preceded the Indians in the occupancy of this country, and who have left traces of a superior civilization—the mound-builders or some other race—were the diggers of these ditches, and used them, as suggested, for irrigating uses? Or might they not have been rude aqueducts conveying water to their villages or fortified camps, or, at a later period, to the palisaded villages of the Suequehannocks, against whom the Six Nations waged war for many years? It is known that the Tohocks, a tribe once residing at the head of the Chesapeake, did thus fortify themselves against the fierce Mingoes. How soon the past becomes mythical and legendary, and how greatly it is to be regretted that there has not been left more than mere conjecture of so much which, if known, would greatly interest us of the present!

THE HORSE EPIDEMIC AND THE GUINEA-MAN'S PONY.

MORE than one hundred years ago, during the lifetime of Benjamin Rigdon, grandfather of the late George W. S. Rigdon, and great-grandfather of James A. Amos and George B. Rigdon, Esqs., an epidemic among horses, very destructive in its character, prevailed throughout all this section of country. Tradition tells us that the Durhams, ancestors of the present families of that name, who were wealthy, owning large tracts of land and many horses, lost two hundred of them by the scourge; that the only horse that escaped the plague was a pony owned by an aged Guinea-man belonging to the first Mr. Rigdon. This old negro lived in a small cabin on the top of Rock Ridge, a short distance above the present residence of Richard Mayes, Esq., and not distant from the Rocks of Deer Creek. Whether the preservation of the life of the pony was owing to the healthfulness of the spot, or its isolated position, is not known; most likely to the latter, as the disease was, doubtless, contagious. Though not another representative of the equine race was left, the fortunate pony ate sprightly of the slight herbage that grew on the open places of Rock Ridge summit, or of the corn grown by his thrifty master on the plain below. Looking down on the vast reaches of country on either side of the noted ridge, which towers in mountain height above the valleys, if he could not say, with Alexander Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe), on the island of Juan Fernandez,

“I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,”

he could say, “I am the sole owner of a horse in all these broad domains;” and the proud pony, joining his master in the refrain, could utter,

“No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,
The whole boundless continent is ours.”

Theirs it was not as against superior man, who rules the beasts of the field, but as against the beasts themselves, every one of which, save the pony, had succumbed to the power of the fell destroyer. The invulnerable pony was alone in all his glory. The value of such a pony could not be estimated.

The Guinea-man was a character. We write only of his religion. In that he was Fetish. He bore constantly about his person a *feitico*, the Portuguese name for an amulet—a talisman. To this *gru grus*, the name of the charm in his native language, he attached much importance, as it shielded his family and all living things belonging to it—dog or cat or *pony*—from disease, and made all safe from the machinations of their enemies. We are not to infer from his possession of the *feitico*, and the power he ascribed to it, that he had no idea of a Supreme Spirit, a King of Heaven, or that he did not worship Him. Worship of the Highest is universal. So thought Pope :

“Father of all in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.”

The Guinea-man could not but recognize Him who

“Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.”

Fetichism is not a primitive religion. *It is a corruption of religion*, and even enlightened Christians may well be fearful of the *feitico*, for the tendency to idolatry is universal. Solomon built altars for Chemosh and Moloch. The possession of the *feitico* by the Guinea-man of Rock Ridge rendered him very obnoxious to his fellow-servants. They were afraid of him. “He possesses a charm,” said they ; “he can kill us if he will. He is a wizard, a conjurer ; his old woman is a witch ; they deal with spirits.” No one of them would have touched that mountain, for to touch it was death, they thought. If they could have taken his life by poison, the usual mode of their race, they would not have done so ; for does not the power of the *feitico* survive after its possessor has gone hence, and may not his spirit come in the silent hours of the night to avenge his wrongs ? This apprehension was his castle. A cabin without wall, or moat, or drawbridge, was stronger than a feudal castle. It was defended by *superstition*.

That pony should have been skinned at its death, his cuticle stuffed and preserved, and labeled, “The sole survivor.”

THE CHURCH OF THE ROCKS AND ITS MODEL PASTOR.

"A CITY set on an hill cannot be hid," nor can a church in such a position. This is eminently true of the house of worship in the occupancy of the religious denomination known as the "Evangelical Association." Situated on the crest of a lofty eminence directly opposite the "Rocks," having them in full view, and overlooking the romantic and picturesque valley of La Grange, it looks upon a scene of alternate and mingled beauty and grandeur not often seen. This view has a peculiar psychological effect upon the intelligent and appreciative beholder. It intuitively demonstrates (I hope my language is philosophical) the former existence of a Rock Ridge Lake. That mighty basin, scooped out of the mighty hills that surround it, and the violent breaks of the Ridge, where the waters of Deer Creek rush through it, are physical proofs of its past existence, that, like axioms in mathematics, are self-evident.

The pastor of the church during the past three years was the Rev. Mr. Jarrett, an humble, earnest and devoted minister. Without pretension to much learning, he is nevertheless an interesting and instructive preacher, sufficiently elevated in thought and style for congregations generally. And if eloquence consists in action, as Quintilian says it does, then the preacher is no mean orator. His manner is not vehement, but animated and graceful, and being evidently the fruit of a heart absorbed in his holy vocation, is impressive and winning. His people love him. That which most endears him to them is he fully understands and appreciates the relation which he sustains to them. He is brother, father, friend. A stranger to that prurient curiosity that pries into the secrets of families, and to that gluttonous appetite which feeds upon the weaknesses and infirmities of others, his coming to them is always hailed with delight, for that coming brings with it no fear. Nor does he in his visitings discriminate between the rich and poor. To visit the former and neglect the latter would be to incur the suspicion that the crock of gold is more potent than the sense of duty.

Upon Sabbath days may be seen gathering to the church on the hill men, women and children from the various habitations around it. At their head the veteran Boughter, who for many years has been the "leader of the class," honestly and conscientiously seeking to lead his flock into pleasant paths "beside the still waters."

MIKE'S ROCK.

A FEW miles northeast of the Rocks of Deer Creek, and on Rock Ridge, is a large rock known by the name of the title of this article. By the side of it is a large tree, the branches of which overhang it. An unfortunate, wearied with the perplexities of life, perhaps its agonies, closed here that life, if not precisely in the manner expressed in the following lines of an atheist, found among his papers after his death, yet in one of the modes common to the sad who lack fortitude :

"An hour more;
Sixty minutes, and the light
Of this, we mis-call life, goes out forever.
Forever? Aye; beyond the grave is found
No life, save that great primal force, which here
Displays itself alike in growth of weed
Or human soul. Why longer live and suffer,
*When the finger upon this slender
Bar of steel will end, with one sharp flash,
The hurry and the heart-ache?*

—"Death's messenger,
From out this glittering tube, I call, to bid
Me sleep; and in that sleep I dread no dreams,
And no to-morrow. *Salve, rex terrorum!*
Moriturus te saluto."

A rash act, which was followed by a surprise. Death terminates this, not that; and that is eternal.

THE ANCIENT MILL AND THE HONEST MILLER.

HALF-WAY between the Indian Cupboard, the retreat of Alexius, the noted fisherman and trapper, and the Otter Rock, above which was the habitation of Walter the Hermit, is an ancient mill. The first mill was of logs, and owned by an Englishman named Sankey. He was probably a Yorkshireman, as tradition informs us that the boys of that day amused themselves with his, to them, singular brogue. The mill, in the course of time, passed to Underhill, Harry, Morton, and J. Bond Preston, in the order named. This mill has furnished for many years bread for man and "stuff" for beast. One possessed of good descriptive powers and of a poetical genius might make the mill and its picturesque surroundings furnish material for an article that would not discount the reputation of *Scribner* or *Harper*, or any other leading magazine. Such description is not sought. Attention is directed to it rather because it is one of the ancient landmarks or watermarks of its neighborhood, and is a connecting link between the distant past and the immediate present. It derives also some notoriety from the snake story of the ancient trapper, a snake rivaling the sea serpent that has been so often seen on our Atlantic coast—from New England to Key West—the habitation of which was on the wooded hill opposite it.

In this ancient mill was once upon a time, as tradition tells us, an *honest* miller. To me all millers are honest; but unhappily for the reputation of the craft, suspicious people, or people who, like the Heathen Chinee, as Bret Harte tells us, themselves familiar with the ways that are dark, are sometimes oblivious of the saying,

"Who steals my purse steals trash,
But he who filches from me my good name
Takes that which does not himself enrich,
And makes me poor indeed."

The honest miller was Thomas Wright, remembered by the few ancient people that have survived him. The story of the mysterious pig is both a proof and illustration of the integrity of the miller. Once on a time he left Sam's Creek, Carroll county, Md., early on the morning of a summer day, for the

mill on Deer Creek. He had walked but a short distance when he heard the squealing of a diminutive pig that was following in his tracks. To escape the animal that was intent upon accompanying him on his journey, he left the road, walking through fields and forests. But in vain. The pig was equal to the emergency, its instincts pointing out the way of the miller unerringly. The integrity of the miller consisted in this, that he made every possible exertion to escape from that pig, showing that if there has ever been in this Christian country a miller who fattened his pigs on other people's corn, he was not that miller. The sad thing about the story of the pig is, that the honest miller, being of superstitious turn of mind, interpreted its singular following as an omen of his death. His death did occur a short time thereafter.

The wheels of the ancient mill yet turn—not the wheels used when the honest miller was occupant, but turbine wheels. The old mill is doomed. The coming narrow-gauge, insuring facility of transit to and from our large commercial city, will make it a potent reason why men of capital should utilize the great and continuous water-power for manufactories on a larger scale.

The unceasing flow of the waters of Deer Creek symbolize the onward flow of humanity uninterrupted by successive generations. Humanity lives and the waters flow on, and such may be for a billion of years to come. But within the hearing of the music of no onflowing stream will there be, if my informant has uttered truth, a more honest miller than Thomas Wright. "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

"At the window, looking upon a crystal stream,
There sat a little lady, indulging in a dream,
A dream of fairy visions comes up before her eyes,
As she gazes now intently upon the azure skies.

"A soft breeze fans the valley, the sun rests 'on the hill,
The water murmurs sweetly as it rushes past "the mill;"
The earth seems glad of springtime, unfolding every hour
From Nature's store, the tender bud that holds the fragrant flower.

"The lady sits a-dreaming, with head buried in her hand,
And visions come a-trooping from off a fairy-land,
And in her dreamy fancies there is a potent spell
That acts like charm of music, the smiling lips now tell.

“The heart cons o’er its *treasures* glowing in rosy light,
The spirit basks in beauty like stars that gem the night;
And thus the little lady dreamed happy hours away,
So happy in her musings she fain would have them stay.”

The “little lady,” whose musings form a proper sequel to the ancient mill and its occupant, cherishes now, and it will ever be so, the highest admiration and esteem for the “honest miller.”

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

THE oldest inhabitant now living in the vicinity of the Rocks of Deer Creek is Mrs. Rebecca Smith. She was born within three-fourths of a mile of her present residence. Here, within sight of the “Rocks,” she has lived to be almost a centenarian, being now in the ninety-fifth year of her age, surviving all who commenced with her the journey of life. Of a cheerful disposition and vigorous constitution, she has borne the burdens of life with comparative ease; and in a serene old age, comforted by loving hearts, she is awaiting resignedly the final summons.

Retaining unimpaired her mental faculties, which were always strong, she is able to entertain the curious of a later generation with most interesting descriptions of the habits, customs and manners of her early cotemporaries, distinctly recollecting and graphically relating innumerable incidents of the far past. In her youth this portion of the country was comparatively a wilderness. Without attractive and comfortable residences, as now; no convenient and well supervised roads, paths usually; no churches, preaching in private houses; the school-house a rude cabin of logs, without any floor but nature’s, the chimney built of sticks, unplanned seats, without backs. Carriages there were none, the ordinary mode of travel being on horseback. The whole progress for ninety-five years, from the rude past to the present more advanced civilization, has been witnessed by her.

But whatever contrasts she makes between the past and the present, they are without invidiousness. All along she has accepted the conditions of life, and the circumstances attending it, as they were more or less favorable, without murmur or complaint, recognizing the fact that the Most High appoints the bounds of our habitations, and that all things promote the happiness of the submissive.

It was her great felicity to be united in marriage, at a comparatively early age, with a gentleman of superior intellectual and social qualities, a conscientious Christian, a faithful friend, and a considerate and loving husband and father. The name of Amos Smith is to this day in this community a synonym of all that is excellent in character—it is as precious ointment poured forth. The memories of his unobtrusive acts of kindness are treasured, and his example valued as a rich legacy to those who have followed him.

The venerable matron, the oldest inhabitant of the neighborhood of the Rocks of Deer Creek, now leaning upon her staff, and bending toward that house of the earth that is the decreed abode of all, suggests, in the remarkable vigor of her physical being, and in the sprightliness of her intellectual life, lessons of wisdom that the young everywhere may with profit learn. An active life and a cheerful mind were the great treasures she possessed—more valuable than gold or silver, or the jewels that blaze in the coronets of queens.

THE YOUNGEST INHABITANTS.

THE youngest inhabitant in the neighborhood of the Rocks is William Cecil Gladden, infant son of our well-known fellow-citizen, William Gladden, Esq.

Of the immediate vicinity of the Rocks, the youngest inhabitants are Bessie and Jessie, twin daughters of Joseph Wetherill,

Esq., proprietor of the store at that place. Born under the very shadows of the Rocks, and by the side of Deer Creek, in view of the plunging waters of its romantic fall—all that remains of the once majestic cataract of Rock Ridge Lake—they are passing their confiding and unsuspecting life happy in the present and without care for the future. These children and William Cecil Gladden are cousins. May life be to the three all that fond parents and loving friends can wish. To each we dedicate the prayer of the gifted Willis:—

“Light to thy paths, bright creature! I would charm
Thy being if I could, that it should be
Ever as now thou dreamest, and flow on,
Thus innocent and beautiful, to heaven.”

THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS.

THE original inhabitants were the Susquehannock Indians. Their territory extended from the Susquehanna River westward as far as the Allegany Mountains. This nation had a close alliance with the Len Lenapes or Delawares, who occupied the country from the head of the Chesapeake Bay to the Kittatinny Mountains northward, and as far eastward as the Connecticut River. This confederacy carried on a long war with the Indians who lived to the north of them, between the Kittatinny Mountains and Lake Ontario, who called themselves Mingoes, and were called by the English the Five Nations. At the time of the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, this war was raging with great fury. In one of Captain Smith's excursions up the Chesapeake, at the mouth of the Susquehanna, in 1608, he met with five or six canoes full of warriors who were coming to attack their enemies in the rear. Having made peace with the Adirondacks, through the intercession of the French who were then settling Canada, they turned their arms against the Lenapi and their confederates, and subduing them, reduced them to

almost the condition of slaves. Peace was granted them on condition that they should put themselves under the protection of the Mingoes, confine themselves to raising corn, hunting for the subsistence of their families, and no longer have the power of making war. This is what the Indians call making them women. In this condition the Lenapes and their confederates were when the settlement of Pennsylvania was begun. What is said by Stith of the language and dress of the Susquehannocks, may deserve to be here inserted: "Their language and attire were very suitable to their stature and appearance; for their language sounded deep and solemn, and hollow, like a voice in a vault. Their attire was the skins of bears and wolves, so cut that the man's head went through the neck, and the ears of the bear were fastened on his shoulders, while the nose and teeth hung dangling upon his breast. Behind was another bear's face split, with a paw hanging at the nose. And their sleeves coming down to their elbows, were the necks of bears, with their arms going through the mouth and paws hanging to the nose. One of them had the head of a wolf hanging to a chain for a jewel, and his tobacco pipe was three-quarters of a yard long, carved with a bird, a deer and other devices at the great end. His arrows were three-quarters of a yard long, headed with splinters of a white, crystal-like stone in the form of a heart, an inch broad and an inch and a half long. These he carried at his back in a wolf's skin for a quiver, with his bow in one hand and a club in the other." Such was the appearance of the first inhabitants of Deer Creek and the "Rocks." The Mingoes came, saw, conquered, and, occupying the country as masters, ruled for a time. They, in turn, were overborne by a superior race, and we have only the recollections of the deeds of the bold warriors.

THE MASSACRE OF THE MINGOES.

THE Mingoës of Deer Creek left this locality, as is plausibly conjectured, in the winter of 1763, immediately after the extermination of their kindred who had been living on Conestogoe Creek, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. These Indians were the remains of a tribe long settled at that place, and thence called Conestogoes. Upon the arrival of the English in Pennsylvania this tribe sent messengers to welcome them, with presents of venison, corn and skins, and the whole tribe entered into a treaty of friendship with the first proprietary, William Penn—a treaty *which was to last as long as the sun should shine, or the waters run in the rivers*. This treaty was often renewed—the *chain brightened*, as the Conestogoes expressed it—from time to time. This tribe was ultimately reduced to twenty persons—seven men, five women and eight children, when by one of the most cowardly and dastardly acts on record in all the protracted and bloody contests with the Indians, this handful of peaceable people were murdered in cold blood by fifty-seven Conestogoe gentlemen (?). On Wednesday, the 14th day of December, 1763, these cavaliers, mounted on good horses, and armed with firelocks, hangers and hatchets, entered Conestogoe Manor, and surrounding the defenceless village, fired upon, stabbed and hatcheted to death three men, two women and a boy. Shehaes, an old man who assisted at the second treaty held with them by Penn in 1701, was among the slain. All were scalped, and their huts burned. The remaining Mingoës, absent at the time of the massacre—they were out among their white neighbors selling baskets, brooms and bowls—were taken into protection by the humane magistrates of Lancaster, and secured from harm, as they thought, in the work-house of that town. Fifty of the chivalry, whose names are worthy to be inscribed on the temple of dishonor as high up as the summits of the Rocks of Deer Creek, suddenly appeared before that town on the 27th of December, invested the work-house, and by gradual approaches, doubtless, assaulted, captured and put to death all that were left of the Mingoës—men, women and children, fourteen in all. The remains of the murdered victims were dragged into the

street and exposed to view. The fifty patriots of the Simon Girty stamp then mounted their horses, huzzaed in triumph, and rode off congratulating themselves on their victory.

“Ah ! where are the *soldiers* that fought here of yore,
The sod is upon them, they'll struggle no more,
The hatchet is fallen, the red man is low ;
But near him reposes the arm of the foe.

The bugle is silent ; the war whoop is dead ;
There is a murmur of waters and woods in their stead,
And the raven and owl chant a symphony drear
From the dark waving pines o'er the combatants' bier.

Sleep, soldiers of *merit* ! sleep, gallants of yore !
The hatchet is fallen, the struggle is o'er,
While the fir-tree is green and the wind rolls a wave,
The tear-drop shall brighten the turf of the *brave* !”

The Mingoes of Deer Creek, hearing of the massacre of their people, and fearing that their lives would not be secure even among the humane white inhabitants of their neighborhood, left to join their people in the West or South. Their fears were groundless. We have never heard that gentlemen of Maryland ever deported themselves toward defenceless women and innocent children as those Bayard-like representatives of the men of England who wore the red rose.

The Mingoes occasionally visited their former homes, but that for a few years only. In 1764, a year after their removal, a party visited a locality in the neighborhood of New Park, York County, Pennsylvania, ten miles distant from the “Rocks.” There was a wigwam still standing at that date on the farm now owned by Duncan Brown, Esq., then possessed by his paternal grandfather. They were seen walking around it, and seemingly viewing it with a curious interest. To Deer Creek and the “Rocks” a final adieu came. The descendants of the former occupants know of these localities only as the homes of their ancestors—the places where the bear, the wolf and the beaver were many, and where the eagle built her nest upon the High Rocks, beneath which their chiefs sat by their council fires.

ROCKS LITERATURE.

I AM not perfectly satisfied with the designation I have given to the communications in prose and poetry which I have selected for this place in this book. Rocks Literature is not poetical; and the title is justified only by the fact that these contributions have been inspired by the sublimities and beauties of that wonder of nature, the Rocks of Deer Creek, with their romantic contiguities and surroundings. Could I have said "The Curiosities of Literature," the name given by Disraeli the elder to that confessedly most curious collection of literary gems which bears that title, I should assuredly be content, assuming, of course, that my collection would bear some proper relation in their literary qualities to that unique gathering of rare intellectualities. No other title could I use, because the Literature I collect bears relation to but one thing—the Rocks of Deer Creek and their surroundings. And I am shut up to the necessity of using the material I have, material not created by myself, save one short essay, but by others, and for the quality of which I am in no degree responsible.

I am not to be understood, however, as disparaging the efforts of the youthful writers in prose and in poetry whose contributions I shall insert in this book. I have no doubt that many of the readers of them will derive both pleasure and profit in their perusal.

I make these contributions a part of this volume, because they are a part of the history, so to speak, of the Rocks, and because they show that the Rocks are potent in inspiration.

The literature of the Rocks is abundant—sufficient, perhaps, to make a volume respectable in size. It is in accordance with my plan to limit my collection to a few selections. The first was written some years ago by a girl of tender years, and was, perhaps, her first effort in such writing.

THE ROCKS OF DEER CREEK.

"Nature, in her delineations, ever delights in giving variety to the beauty and magnificence of her creations. Mountain,

hill, valley and plain have each their enchantments, but the Rocks of Deer Creek, situated in the upper section of Harford County, present to the lover of natural scenery a combination of attractions that nature, in her munificence, seldom deigns to lavish on her fair domains. The Rocks are several hundred feet in height, extending to a point that projects in solemn grandeur over huge masses of rock that lie scattered at their base." Having described the beauty of the adjacent landscape, she continues: "But the Rocks, apart from the lovely landscape that spreads around us, are ever the scene that must enchant the gaze, and infuse into the heart of nature's votary a mingled feeling of admiration and awe." She concludes: "The image of the scene is impressed upon the soul, and in the secret chamber of our being often will we view over again the Rocks of Deer Creek."

The next selection is a poem, written by a young lady of Long Island, New York. We give only the stanzas which describe the "King and Queen Seats:"

"In ages past, so runs a legend old,
 These rocks were the wild home of warriors bold;
 Here they in council met, and warfare planned,
 Talked o'er the mighty secrets of their dusky band;
 I fancy how the echoes have rung out,
 The noisy clamor of their war-cry shout.
 Long years have passed away, the red man's tread
 No longer echoes there; the wild, fierce tribe is dead,
 And nought remains but memories alone,
 And two rough seats hewn from the solid stone.

These were the lofty thrones of King and Queen,
 Spread now with moss and trailing vines of green;
 We rested in their depths, and pictured rare
 Visions of Indian beauties, wild yet fair;
 All still and silent now, only the breeze
 Comes whispering soft sweet stories through the trees,
 And echoes only waken to the words
 Of untold beauty in the songs of birds,
 Those clearest, bell-like tones that float and ring,
 Pronounce the mocking bird the woodland king."

That which follows are the meditations of one who discovers, in the vicinity of the Rocks, a singular fern. He is evidently in a philosophical mood, and has been disturbed, it may be, by the rash speculations of some modern scientists so-called.

A REMARKABLE FERN.

Strolling one day of the past autumn along Deer Creek, in the vicinity of the "Rocks," I was attracted by a species of fern with which I was not familiar. Upon examining it minutely, I found to my surprise, and I must confess to my gratification, written upon the stem and each leaf of the fern the word Biogenesis: life from life, and from nothing but life. And recollecting that Sir William Thompson, President of the British Association for the advancement of Science, in an address to the Society, incidentally refers to the theory of Biogenesis and its opposite theory Abiogenesis (spontaneous generation), I sought that address, and found the following statement therein:

"I am ready to adopt as an article of scientific faith, true through all space and through all time, that life proceeds from life, and from nothing but life." I am not aware that Sir William had ever seen a specimen of the singular Deer Creek fern, or ever heard of it; but one cannot fail to note the agreement between the teaching of the fern and that of the distinguished President of the British Association. Anxious to know what that other distinguished member of the same Association, Prof. Huxley, might have to say upon Biogenesis and its antagonistic theory, Abiogenesis, I turned to an inaugural address delivered by him to the British Association, in which Prof. Huxley concedes that "the evidence, direct and indirect, in favor of Biogenesis: life from life, and from nothing but life, *for all known forms of life*, must be admitted to be of great weight." This utterance of the great inductive philosopher gave me great pleasure, as it seems to confirm the suspicion that possibly the Creator of all things wrote upon my fern the word Biogenesis: life from life, and from nothing but life. My satisfaction with this declaration of the philosopher would have been complete, had he not to this just admission, as I thought it to be, added: "But though I cannot express this conviction of mine too strongly, I must carefully guard myself against the supposition that I intend to suggest that no such thing as Abiogenesis (spontaneous generation), has ever taken place in the past, or will take place in the future. If it were given me to look beyond the abyss of geologically recorded time to the still more remote

period when the earth was passing through physical and chemical conditions, which it can no more see again than a man can recall his infancy, *I should expect to be a witness of the evolution of living protoplasm from unliving matter.*" I was now in a quandary. When doctors disagree, who shall decide? And what estimate can I have of the veracity of my fern? Singularly, the philosopher whose just quoted utterance had tended to overthrow my cherished theory of life, and brand as false the teaching of the fern, comes to my relief. The philosopher does not account for life without a *metaphysical* cause. Hear him: "I, individually, am no materialist, but, on the contrary, believe materialism to involve grave philosophical error." His materialism is only a trick of logic; his faith is that all life has a transcendental, metaphysical cause. He vindicates the truthfulness of my fern.

The question is, where did my fern get its life? Who wrote upon its stem and leaves Biogenesis? My fern was *sustained* by inorganic substances. From such substances it extracted the nutriment of its life by a chemistry peculiar to itself. But whence its life? It cannot be that life is a phenomenon, evolved from the forces of unliving matter. Science does not say so. Matter is a basis of life; in it life manifests itself, and nothing more. Life, like matter in which it dwells, was created, not evolved from unliving forces. The life of my fern came from abroad. Its cause was the only cause, ultimate, spontaneous will. The Author of all life gave it life, and wrote upon its leaves Biogenesis.

My fern is perishing. Is this not singular? Strange that the living forces which built it up should now, that its vitality is gone, tear down the structure which they, with so much pains, constructed. The vital principle in my fern did for a time hold in abeyance the physical forces, but this having departed, its enemies triumph. My fern is returning to unliving dust. Whether it, Phoenix-like, will arise from its ashes, I do not know. And if its unliving dust should become the basis of other life, whether it will be the life of another fern, I do not know. Of this I am confident, if it shall be the basis of another life, upon that creation, be it rose or magnolia or fern, will be written Biogenesis: life from life, and from nothing but life.

If any of my curious friends would see a specimen of the Deer Creek fern, they can do so by searching the hills between Preston's Mill and the Rocks of Deer Creek.

THE OLD MILL.

Opposite Mingo Hill, on the waters of Deer Creek, a few miles above the Rocks, is a quaint old mill. It is called Clermont, after the first steamboat successfully launched by Fulton. I do not know the motive that prompted the original proprietor of the mill to so name it. We conjecture it was admiration of the genius of the distinguished inventor. Of this ancient mill a poetess writes :

- “Softly dim twilight lingers
O'er the picturesque mill,
Night, with her purple fingers,
Is draping each noble hill
With the shadows she loves to muster,
And waft in the twilight down,
Faintly outlined with the lustre
Which streams from his starry crown.
Beautiful shadows that fall so still
And nestle down on the silent mill.
- “Silent, for now the throbbing
Heart of the mill's at rest,
And only the breezes are sobbing
O'er the water's breast ;
Its ripples' musical splashing
Seem crowning a dreamy song,
As o'er the high dam dashing,
They hurry so swiftly along.
Laughing waters that scorn to feel
The ponderous weight of the old mill wheel.
- “We sit in the night's dark splendor
And list to the whippoorwill,
Breathing in accents tender
Its moan o'er the night-wrapped mill,
And watch how the shadows linger
O'er the tree-topped hill on high,
Till each waving branch seems a finger
Writing against the sky.
And the spirit of night has awakened
The fairies that surely dwell,
In the quiet depths of the woodland
In some fair little hidden dell ;
For the fire-flies twinkle their lights afar
Till each fairy lamp seems a tiny star.

Brightly the summer dawning
 Gleams o'er the quiet mill,
 And scattered far by the morning
 The shadows lift from the hill;
 And the sunbeam's golden splendor
 Pours o'er the dewy earth,
 While the birdlings' voices tender
 Thrill with sweetest mirth.
 A morning concert given us free
 Echoing sweet the softest melody.

"How lightly the water dances,
 How sparkles its crystal breast,
 As each arrow of sunlight glances
 In quivering, gay unrest,
 And the dewy morning breathing
 Tenderly touching now,
 Silvery hair enwreathing
 An aged though cheerful brow.
 For many years that are gone and dead,
 The mill has echoed his gentle tread.

"And long may it echo the paces
 Of the feet that are walking toward
 The golden gates of the city
 Leading to home and God.
 Respected friend, I will carry
 Sweet memories as I roam
 Of the picturesque mill in the valley,
 And the sweetly embowered home.
 With sad regrets my song will fill,
 And a fond *farewell* to the dear old mill."

"JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND."

The communications that follow are not properly Rocks Literature, and yet they bear some relation thereto, especially the first. The message is addressed to children who have been familiar with the Rocks and the romantic scenes which cluster around them. It is from children whose ancestors dwelt by these Rocks, kindled their council fires by them, and sat in the shadows of the Great Rock, under the thrones of their ancient kings and queens.

By the children of the church of La Grange and their parents, it will, doubtless, be appreciated and kindly received; which, of itself, is a sufficient justification of its being made a part of this record, that seeks the pleasure and edification of all.

The address was delivered to citizens living near the Rocks, and Ward's Woods are in full view of the "Great Curiosity."

A MESSAGE.

To THE children of the pale faces who dwell under the shadows of the Great Rock, where our fathers in the long past kindled their council fires; the places of the thrones of our ancient kings and queens by the shores of the big waters; the children of La Grange, who meet in the wigwam of the Great Spirit, which is upon the High Ridge, when the leaves are small, upon all days of the sun until the trees are bare again, to learn the language of the Great Spirit, interpreted by the man of God and chief of his tribe, Thomas Boughter; to these children of the High Ridge, which stands in view of the Great Rocks where our fathers sat by the council fires under the thrones of their ancient kings and queens, greeting.

To the Quapaw and Modoc and Ottawa and Shawnee and Wyandot children of the Indian Territory, I said: "Children, I am from the place where the sun rises by the side of the broad eastern rivers and wide eastern ocean!" That, to them, novel declaration excited their curiosity and secured their attention. Following immediately this statement was the question propounded by myself—"Why am I here where the sun sets upon the bosom of the broad prairies?" To this they did not respond, and I answered, "Not so much to teach you lessons of knowledge as to receive them myself, and thus to be able to communicate instruction to the children of the rising sun." And happy, very happy, these children of the outstretching prairies, broad rivers and beautiful forests seemed to be in the thought that their names and deeds should be spoken of where the white children greet the first rays of the sun coming up from its watery couch in the bosom of the broad Atlantic!

The Indian child is a human being, differing in nothing from the white child; the same being physically, intellectually, emotionally, and possessing the same spiritual elements that, developed by the conscientious instructor and guide, bring forth the same glorious fruits—the love of God and the assured hope of heaven.

Here are these red children, sitting at the feet of Jesus, "clothed in their right minds," and praying to the Great

Spirit as intelligently and devoutly and singing the songs of Zion as sweetly as the white children of the land of churches, and bibles, and Sabbath privileges. Indeed, I do not know but that there is more melody in their song, and, perhaps, more seeming devoutness in their prayers. The Modoc children yesterday knew of no song but that which was sung in the flower dance and in the war dance, those wild, weird melodies that awoke in their minds emotions in harmony with the wild, weird scenes of nature which they saw around them, and excited those fearful passions that found their gratification in the destruction of those whom the Indian was taught to regard his enemies. To-day those same children sing,

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name,”

with an enthusiasm and interest that demonstrates the power of that name in transforming the mind and renewing the soul after the image of God; and with greater enthusiasm, because the transition has been from the dark shadows that fall upon heathen lands to the bright rays that illumine the Christian world, and yet the more, because the transition has been sudden, almost momentary—a greater salvation seemingly, hence a greater joy with a corresponding expression.

And no one here would be likely to discuss the human agency, the human instrumentality. That is a thing that, in the overpowering significance of the thing done, would not, in all probability, be thought of. The only idea likely to be present with one whose heart had realized the great change, would be the power of God in the miracle wrought.

Here is a miracle, a miracle not wrought by human power, for though man might be able to raise the dead, he cannot lift a soul up from its native darkness into the light of God. And even though Christ himself, in raising Lazarus from the dead, should simply have “antedated the humanity of the future,” in the spiritual renovation of these Indian souls, he has demonstrated the possession of the power of God. It is that power demonstrated that we see, and no other power, and it is this impression that I want to see made upon the minds of the people.

In this country, and especially among the people of this border,

there is felt and manifested great opposition to the Indian, and great hostility to that policy that seeks his preservation and elevation by Christian means, calling that policy not Christian, but "Quaker," and thus seeking to fix the odium of sectarianism upon a scheme eminently Christian. My argument is, if God sanctions this policy, as he evidently does, man should not oppose it. I know that in these days of mere materialism, when even the soul itself is held to have its origin, and is subject to the same laws of development, and is at most but a more refined, sublimated form of matter, but little more worthy, and scarcely having a more noble destiny, such an argument is but little esteemed. The Indian, in the view of the skeptic, is only a savage to be hunted and slain, as the grizzly is hunted and slain, and if death involves the release of what is more than matter, the destiny of that is, in his opinion, nothing more than the broad hunting grounds and the rivers well stocked with fish.

Now, that which I have seen here among these Modocs and other Indians, and which is seen among the Santee Sioux of Nebraska, where an Episcopal Church Mission is established, and which is seen in every mission among those people, fixes me, and ought to establish all others, in the conviction that this thing is of God and not to be interfered with by man. It is not now everywhere as it once was,

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the winds."

His mind does indeed see that, but it is his *tutored* mind, with its clearer perception and higher estimate of Him whom he sees. For now these visible things do demonstrate "His eternal power and God-head." He sees God in all things.

"In the silvery light of the gentle moon,
In the beams of the bright, broad sun at noon,
In the flash of the lightning glancing far,
In the golden urn of the midnight star."

And he sees God with *spiritual* vision. To him God is a spirit, and worshiping Him in spirit and in truth, his communion is with Him. His soul attuned to praise and consecrated to prayer is in harmony with the infinite source of light and life. Thence

he desires the inspiration of his life, and it is the source of his joy. It is not so much the material world—sun, moon, stars, forests, plains and rivers—that elevates his sentiments, and purifies his joys, as the spiritual world. That with its higher revelations bringing him into immediate contact with the very soul of God, becomes the means of his progress to that higher condition where life bears its richest and most precious fruits.

Buried in one of the ancient graveyards of Ohio is "Between the Logs," a Wyandot chief, who, many years ago, died in the faith of Jesus. In the Indian Territory to-day are Wyandot Christian children. And how precious to me seemed the memory of the Christian chief as I looked upon those dusky children, the spiritual heirs, perhaps, of that man of the wilderness who was among the first to proclaim the religion of Christ to his people, savor of whose godly example has continued. The eastern winds, that blow towards the western prairies, where the Wyandot children gather the spring and summer flowers, bring with them, it is not difficult to imagine, the fragrance of the deeds of their Christian fathers and mothers who lie buried on the plains of Sandusky, awaiting there the voice of God and the sound of a trumpet.

These words the children of the setting sun send, greeting, to their little brothers and sisters of the rising sun, and pray that the children of the rising sun, who pluck the roses and the geranium from the well cultivated gardens of the land of civilization and culture will not fail to give their sympathies and prayers to the less favored children who gather the wild flowers upon the prairies and forests.

Centennial Address of Rev. T. T. Wyson,

DELIVERED IN

WARD'S WOODS, ON TUESDAY, JULY 4TH, 1876.

MEMBERS OF THE LYCEUMS, AND FELLOW CITIZENS :

To-day this nation is one hundred years of age, and we have met to celebrate the Centennial. One hundred years in the life of a man is a lengthened period ; a century in the life of a nation is a brief space of time. Nor do we estimate the life of a nation by the number of the years of its existence. More may be crowded into one century than into ten or an hundred centuries—more of adventure, of research, of discovery ; more of progress in art, in science, in literature, in philosophy, in religion, in government ; more in events pregnant with weal or woe to humanity.

Upon the 4th day of July, 1776, was published at Philadelphia that great charter of America liberty—the Declaration of Independence ; and the bells of the old State House proclaimed to an expectant people the birth of a new nationality. On the day before—the 3d of July, 1776—there were the thirteen colonies, owing allegiance to foreign authority ; on this day—the 4th of July, 1776—the thirteen United States of America were a free and independent nation. The representatives of the sovereign people assembled at Philadelphia, having declared the causes which impelled them to separation, and appealing to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe for the rectitude of their intentions, did, in the name and by the authority of the people of the Colonies, solemnly publish and declare “That these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, and that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the States of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved.”

This nation, then born, was indeed but an infant in its swaddling clothes, lying in a manger, yet potent in elements which have developed in the brief space of one hundred years into a vigorous and noble manhood. To-day this nation stands amidst the nations of the earth in the sublime consciousness of her greatness, receiving, if not their homage, their profound respect.

In material growth the nation has made wonderful progress, supassing in this respect every nation upon the face of the earth, and it is altogether fitting to indicate somewhat in detail the character of that progress. At the beginning of the Revolution the population of the thirteen colonies was a little more than three millions; to-day the population of the whole country approximate forty-five millions. The area of the States in 1776 was less than one million square miles, embracing a narrow strip of country along the Atlantic from Georgia to Canada. To-day it is 4,000,000 square miles, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

In 1776 the manufactures were few, and limited to one or two necessary articles. In 1870 there were 252,148 establishments in the United States, employing a capital of \$2,118,208,-760, and producing manufactured articles to the value of \$4,232,325,425 annually.

In 1790 the tonnage of the United States engaged in foreign trade was a little over half a million. In 1860, it exceeded six millions. In 1870 the total value of goods imported into the United States from foreign countries was \$315,200,022; the total value of exports for the same year was \$254,137,208.

In 1790 the cultivation of cotton was just being introduced into the South; in 1860 the crop amounted to 5,198,977 bales, which production has been equaled, if not exceeded, since.

Add to this the value of orchard and market garden products, of home-made articles, of animals, farms, farming implements, machines, wheat, corn and other crops, and the aggregate sum is simply immense.

The inventive genius of the American people is great. To them is owing the application of steam to navigation, the invention of the electric telegraph, the sewing machine, the cotton gin, the reaping machine, the discovery of the use of ether

as an anæsthetic, and the great improvements in the steam engine and the printing press. The products of American genius are to be found everywhere. Says a distinguished Englishman : " Europe teems with the material products of American genius." American patents print English newspapers and sew Englishmen's shirts. A Briton goes to work by American clocks, and is warmed by American stoves, and is cleansed by American dusters. In a word, America is the leading nation in all matters of national invention and construction, and no other nation rivals nor approaches her.

In the higher departments of intellectual effort, America has kept pace with its growth in material riches. In 1800 there were but two hundred newspapers published in the United States ; in 1870 the number of periodicals and papers were 5,776. There were then a few private libraries in the country ; in 1870 there were 164,815 public and private libraries containing 45,528,938 volumes. In 1790 there were not more than a dozen colleges in the United States, and the common schools were confined to the New England States. In 1870 there were 2,464 colleges and professional and scientific schools, with an attendance of 255,190 pupils. The private schools numbered in the same year 14,025, and the free public schools 125,059, with an attendance of 6,288,060 pupils. In the beginning of the century there were but few churches ; in 1870 there were 63,082, with sittings for 21,655,062 worshipers. Such are we to-day, and more, and developing with a rapidity unexampled in the history of nations.

It was not without anxiety and foreboding of possible failures that our fathers entered upon the experiment of a republican form of Government. It was a new and almost untracked ocean upon which they launched the ship of State, and perchance it might be wrecked on some hidden rock, or engulfed by some treacherous whirlpool. Others had failed in the experiment, and so might they. And there was not wanting those who from conviction of the inapplicability and unfitness of republican institutions to society as then existing, or who, prompted by feelings of envy and hate, predicted the speedy and utter failure of the experiment. Our weakness, they said, would invite the aggression of powerful foes, or we would be torn by

internal dissensions. Foreign wars have been the history of all nations and none have been exempt from intestine commotions. In these respects we shared the common fate of nations, but only to come forth from each contest stronger.

The severest strain upon our institutions, and that which taxed to the very utmost the forces and resources of the government, was our late unhappy strife. From that conflict, so greatly deplored by every lover of his country, the nation has emerged to enter on a career of increased prosperity. In this allusion to our recent conflict, I shall not be understood as speaking in the spirit of partisanship, or as deciding upon the merits of that controversy, old as the government itself, which culminated in secession and war. Nor shall I, in this reference, be understood to lack appreciation of the motives which led so many States of the Union to seek to dissolve the bonds that had so long honored and protected them. Nor do I fail to admire the bravery and spirit of self-sacrifice that characterized the people of the South. And of this I am confident, that the names of Lee and Jackson will not only be embalmed in the hearts of the people of the section with whom they identified their interests, and for whose supposed welfare they imperiled their fortunes and life, but that the heart of the whole American people will ever beat responsive to the high instinct and lofty motives which prompted the course they pursued. And the people of the South, appreciating the equally high motives and noble purposes of their brethren of the North, will not only forget, as the years pass on, the enmities engendered by the strife, but also learn to believe that the issue which they deemed so unfortunate for themselves and the cause of liberty throughout the world, was a blessing in disguise. Be this as it may, upon this Centennial day we recognize a common country and a common authority, and standing shoulder to shoulder as did our fathers, have it in our hearts to live or die for the land we love. We all feel, as did Key when a prisoner on board a British ship in the harbor of Baltimore during the war of 1812, the inspiration of the sublimest patriotism, and sing, as he sung on that dark and stormy night:

“The star-spangled banner! long may it wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

We have indicated briefly and rapidly some of the elements of our national prosperity, but our work would be imperfect, our task not completed, were we to omit from the striking illustrations of the progress made during the century, reference to the position of the women of to-day as compared with that of their sisters one hundred years ago. Our fathers were not without gallantry nor our mothers without intelligence, but unhappily the gallantry of man failed to recognize the true position of woman, and woman, likewise, her capabilities and the possibilities of her future. At the beginning of the century and for some time afterward, girls were not allowed in the public schools of Boston, the then, as now, centre of culture—the Athens of America. In 1789 it was found that from April to October only about half as many boys came as during the other seasons; it was decided that better than let time go to waste, girls might attend, and for forty years, says a writer, “girls bloomed only in summer.” Few of the Puritan women could read or write; and within my recollection, in a more Southern latitude, where cavaliers held court and paid homage to fair women, reading, writing and a little smattering of arithmetic were considered sufficient accomplishment for women generally. What is the status of the women of to-day? Let Vassar, with its cultured corps of professors, and Mt. Holyoke with its bright record, tell the story. And Ann Arbor, where 117 women are studying, 4 in law, 47 in medicine, 66 in science and literature. And Oberlin, with its 633 women. And Cornell, one of whose graduates, Mrs. Julia Irvine recently took the first prize in Greek at the inter-collegiate literary contest in New York. And Boston, where a young woman may study for the ministry; and many more institutions for the higher education of women. And how diverse their employment. In addition to the duties of the household, photography, engraving, phonography, drawing, telegraphing, lithography, education, inventions. The number of women employed in the industries of the country is simply marvelous. To-day, in some of the States women are school superintendents, and on school boards and committees. Charity has become the fashion of American women—hence their earnest and active participation in Christian and temperance work,

their patronage of Christian association homes, mission work, charity schools and nurseries, sisterhoods, orphan, Magdalen and foundling associations, reformatories, &c. No longer the mere butterfly of fashion, she has a higher ambition than dress, and equipage and pleasure. Conscious of her peculiar fitness for the work of charity and labor of love, she is to be found everywhere ministering to the wants of humanity, alleviating its sorrows, rescuing the fallen, pouring the oil of consolation into wounded hearts, an angel of mercy in a stricken world where the cry of the perishing is heard.

Few, if any, among our fathers, had prophetic instinct sufficient to foresee with any degree of certainty the future and foretell our present greatness. Bancroft, in his history of the United States, says of the elder Adams: At Worcester, Massachusetts, a thriving little village of more than a thousand people, the whole town is immersed in politics. The master of the town school, where the wages were \$60 the season, a young man hardly twenty, son of a small farmer, just from Harvard College, and at the same time meditating to become a preacher, would sit and hear, and escaping from a maze of observation, would sometimes retire, and by laying things together, form some reflections pleasing to himself, for he loved the shady thickets and gloomy grottoes, and listen to the fall of the water. All creation, he would say, is liable to change; mighty States are not exempt. Soon after the revolution many came over to this world for conscience sake. This apparently trivial incident may transfer the seat of the empire to America. In another century all Europe will not be able to subdue us. Such were the dreams of young Adams, a starved teacher of a New England free school. In less than thirty years he stood before the King of Great Britain the acknowledged envoy of the Free and United States of America. And were John Adams living to-day, he would be no less astonished than any of the millions that celebrate this Centennial at the astonishing progress the nation has made in the one hundred years of its existence. The seat of empire has been transferred to America, and all Europe would not be able to subdue us. Fellow citizens, we are proud of our record. One hundred years has placed us at the very pinnacle of human greatness.

The retrospect we have made very naturally suggests the prospect. What shall the future of our country be? Who shall forecast its destiny? Have we, by the marvelous rapidity of our growth in the hundred years past, exhausted our energies, and brought upon ourselves premature old age, premonitory of speedy death? Or, are we as Hercules in his cradle, possessed of a vitality and force and fertility of resources that shall be manifested in achievements that will surpass all that has been seen in the past of our history, and surprised the world with their greatness. We are in the infancy of our greatness, the beginning of a progress such as has not hitherto been seen, and of which the most sanguine could not possibly have dreamed. Mankind is standing on the very threshold of a new life, on a boundary line, about to launch out into an unknown future. The past is gone, the old landmarks are swept away, and fresh armies of thoughts, opinions and knowledge are breaking in upon the world. The jungle has been cleared, space has been almost annihilated, and the human mind, free from embarrassments that have interrupted its progress, is entering upon a series of essays and conflicts that shall ultimate in achievements far surpassing those of the past, and that shall carry humanity upward to higher planes rapidly and majestically. It may be centuries before the new life shall be matured. In the very "lisping infancy" of the new life humanity may be, but the child is born, and there shall follow the vigor of manhood and the ripeness of age. A sagacious thinker and observer has said: "A mighty impulse has come over the world lately. A time of looking forward rather than back has set in. Great inventions of all kinds are altering the face of the earth, making the conditions of life different, and raising the hopes and fears of men. Great discoveries are bringing with them all the eager wildness, all the enthusiasm for good or evil, that such unsettlements must always bring. The vast ocean of knowledge has found its Columbuses, and hearts beat high with the daily hope of fresh wonders being unveiled by new voyagers." Where, we ask, has this impulse been felt stronger than on this continent and with us. Where so much of change, of adventure, of achievement. Where in all the earth so much of enthusiasm, of earnest purpose, of determination to do all that lies within

the range of possibility. There are barriers that no human invention can overcome; conditions beyond the range of mortal power. But within those great barriers which God has fixed to human progress, an almost infinite advance is certain. There are men of folly, as was Canute the Great, when he sat by the sea-shore, and said to the advancing waters, "So far shalt thou come, and no farther," who in the impotency of their reason may prescribe bounds to human progress, but that progress, as did the oncoming waves, will mock their folly and weakness. This continent, this nation, shall participate in this general onward movement, and in a degree exceeding all. The genius of the American people, their inquisitiveness, their steadiness of purpose, their inflexibility of will, their inventive qualities, their love of change, their ambition to excel, all point to a destiny of unparalleled grandeur. Our lofty mountains, our wide extended plains, our majestic rivers are symbolic of the might and majesty of our coming greatness. Here, upon the shores of the Atlantic, on the banks of the Mississippi and the Missouri, and by the side of the Pacific, in mountain place and valley, a teeming multitude of men building up in their strength a material, intellectual, social, spiritual empire, before which all other empires shall pale as the glow-worm pales in the presence of the sun. It will be the onward movement of thought, and feeling, and faith, and work, widening and deepening, and increasing in strength, until mighty in its volume and resistless in its force, it shall bear upon its bosom, as the flood bears the oak, all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. This is my thought—it may be the dream of an enthusiast.

In one hundred years the population of the United States of America may exceed that of China—be 300,000,000 or more; the area of territory, if extended, may embrace the whole of North America, and our progress in all other respects be commensurate. Then it will be that those then living will look back upon the epoch of the first Centennial as we, who celebrate it to-day, look back upon its beginning—as a day of very small things, and, as we do, congratulate themselves and the country on the progress made, differing from us in this, that their felicitations will be greater—proportionate to their increased prosperity. The realization of this hope will depend essentially

upon one thing—that we remain at peace among ourselves. This unity of the nation is the pledge of its perpetuity, and the assurance of its high destiny. Not, indeed, that unity which is enforced by strength of will and power of bayonet, but unity of sentiment and affection, that unity of mind and heart which has its most striking illustrations and exemplifications in the virtuous household, each member of which, recognizing the significance of the relation, perform its obligations. The hope is that Christianity, in its onward march, will so leaven society with its restraining and conserving influences, that human passions will not simply be held in check, but be consecrated to virtuous purposes, the human heart responding always and unerringly to truth, and the life to noble aim.

Our fathers sought to erect the superstructure of American government upon a substantial basis, intending that in this ark of national safety their descendants should be secure when the tempests gathered. The fabric of government which they erected was no temporary expedient, to serve the wants of a day; it was built, as the pyramids were built, to resist the wear of ages, and serve the necessities of generations. Washington, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe, and all the illustrious host of worthies who laid the foundations of American nationality, were men not only of wisdom, but of conscience also, having in view, not the mere gratification of personal ambition and the aggrandizement of self, but the welfare of the whole people and of generations of people. To establish this government our ancestors toiled, and sacrificed, and poured out their blood, not anticipating that Catalines would ever be found among their descendants, who would conspire against the liberties of the people, by hoping and believing that they to whom had been bequeathed the precious legacy of American freedom, would cherish it as vestal virgins and priests of Inca cherished their sacred fires. The gift has so far been generally appreciated, and the men of this generation are bearing upon their shoulders the ark which contains the sacred things placed therein by the fathers of the republic. They cherish it as the ark of the Lord was cherished in the house of Obed Edom. To-day we, the descendants of American heroes and statesmen, gathered under the folds of the

American flag, the symbol of our country's honor, and celebrating the Centennial of our country's life, do, with hands uplifted, declare, that worthy of our love, we will not upon the ark of American liberties place sacrilegious hands, and that, God helping us, we will strike down the alien hand that would pollute it with his touch. And as Hamilcar led Hannibal to the altar of his god, and constrained him to swear eternal hostility to the Romans, so we, taking our sons by the hand, and leading them to the altar of our country, shall constrain them to declare eternal hostility to all who would lift their hands against their country, and imperil the liberties of the people.

I have given you an expression of my confidence in the future of our country—a future not only more glorious than the past has been, but a future that shall surpass that of all other peoples in political, social, intellectual, moral greatness. This, in the order of Providence, is, I believe, the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent. A sentiment of personal independence, of individual liberty, which was coeval with the existence of this race, and which is essential to the development of the highest qualities of a people, has lost none of its power by being transplanted on the soil of this continent; indeed, that force has been intensified by the wider field and the freer government which the settlement of America and her separation from the mother country gave them.

The race is no longer confined to a small island of the seas, nor restrained by kingly rule and partial administration. Its theatre of action is a continent, and unfettered by kingly prerogative and royal privilege, its sublime destiny is assured. The Gothic nations, for centuries to come, are destined to play the great role in the world's history, and of these the Anglo-Saxon has the noblest destiny. The sacred spot at the mouth of the Elbe, Helgoland, an island only twenty miles in extent, was the birth-place of Anglo-Saxon nationality. "It was a tribe scarcely visible, yet, like the springs of a mighty river, it glides on to greatness." Not enervated by its contact with corrupt nations, strengthened by its conflicts with powerful foes, swallowing up and incorporating into itself the better elements of all, without losing its own identity, obeying and manifesting its own characteristics, it follows out its instincts of freedom and

achieves its high destiny. In the New World—in the United States of America—its grandest deeds are to be done, its sublimest victories won.

“The Eastern nations sink, their glory ends,
And empire rises where the sun descends.”

It is not within the power of man to foretell the time when this nation, having performed its allotted part in the great drama of the world's life, shall follow the peoples that have preceded it, and pass in mournful procession to the graves of dead nationalities. The race that forms this nation has, as we have seen, been distinguished above all other races for its vitality and force, resisting thus far that strong tendency to decay that characterized the nations that preceded it. It may follow in the footsteps of the nations that have gone before; but if true to itself, if it fulfills the destiny which the Divine hand has marked out for it, then when its cycle shall have been completed and the record made up, future races will look back upon its period as the brightest in human history. And that record, the brightest spot in human history, may be the roll of a thousand years.

Yea, if the period of the existence of the great nations of antiquity was ten centuries, ten times ten centuries may be the cycle of American history, the time when its record shall be made up. The sentiment of patriotism existing in such intense force in the bosom of every true American would place no limit to his country's life. To-day, moved thereto by the enthusiasm kindled by our recollections of the past and our faith in the greatness of our country's future, we all with one accord exclaim, Our country; may she live forever!

My fellow-citizens, we congratulate ourselves that we have lived to celebrate the Centennial. In honoring this day we do justice to the memory of our fathers who bequeathed to us our heritage—to their intelligence, their virtue, their bravery, their fortitude, their spirit of self-sacrifice. They have gone to their graves, and the worthiest monuments that we can erect to perpetuate their memories are the appreciation of their virtues and the imitation of their examples.

Fellow-citizens, we shall not live to celebrate another Centennial. Ere the coming century of our national existence shall

have closed we will have passed away—been gathered to our fathers; but we shall leave a heritage worthy to be preserved by our posterity, and by them transmitted to the generations following.

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

A FEW miles north of the "Rocks of Deer Creek," in latitude 39 degrees, 43 minutes, $26\frac{3}{10}$ seconds, is the boundary between the States of Pennsylvania and Maryland. This line was begun in December 1763, and concluded in the end of the year 1767. Its whole length is 244 miles, not all of which was laid out by the scientific gentlemen after whom it is called. They were prevented by fears of hostile Indians from proceeding further than Sideling Hill, a distance of 116 miles from the place of beginning. At the termination of every fifth mile is planted a large stone, having on one side the coat of arms of William Penn, and on the other or southern side, the Escutcheon of Lord Baltimore, the proprietaries respectively of the provinces of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Every mile is a smaller stone with the letter P on one side and M on the other. All these stones were brought from England. This line was fixed after eighty years of constant discussion, and thus was lost to Maryland much fertile territory. It was not surveyed in the ordinary mode, but established by mathematical and astronomical calculation. A survey was had in 1844, and the original line was found to be substantially correct.



*Photo and Text by courtesy and permission
of Maryland Department of Natural Resources
Annapolis, MD*

THE PARK TODAY

Rocks State Park is located in a region of impressive natural scenic beauty, characterized by massive rocks and boulders flanking the banks of Deer Creek and distributed through the stream valley and along the ridges and heights of the surrounding landscape.

The rugged beauty and unique character of this site made it a logical selection for acquisition and development as a State Park, and the first land purchase by the Department of Forests and Parks for this purpose took place in 1951. Additional acquisition has increased the size of the Park to its present size of more than 600 acres.



*Photo - Courtesy of Richard O. McLaughlin
Delta, PA*

One of the most interesting features of the Park is a throne-like rock formation known as the King and Queen Seats, a natural attraction for visitors. The cliff below this unusual structure is about 94 feet high, and at the outer point of the formation the cliffs are about 190 feet high.



T5-CUS-402

